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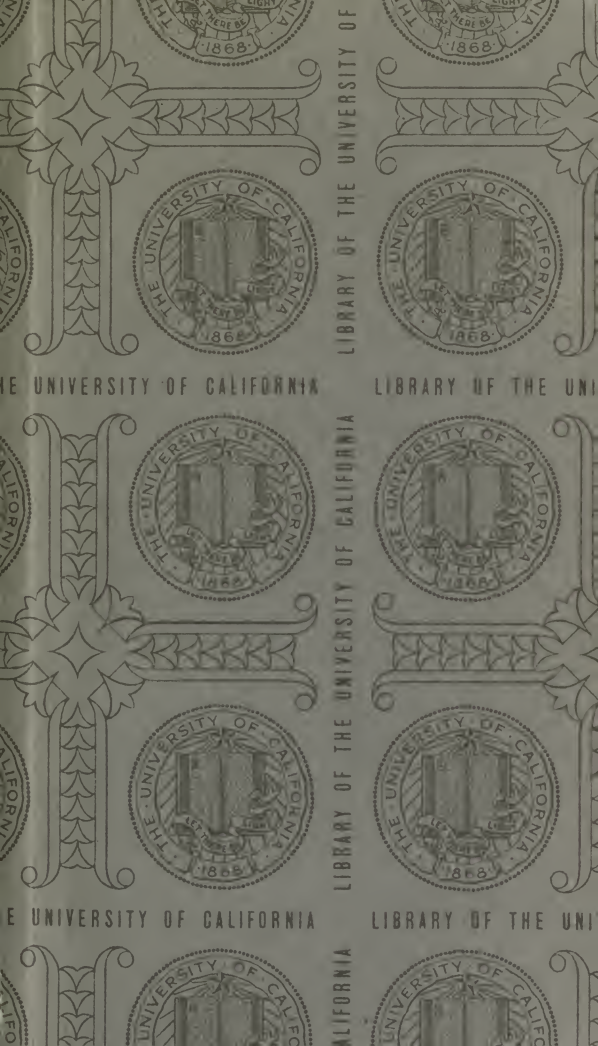
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THE

LITERARY

MISCELLANY:

or,

SELECTIONS & EXTRACTS,

classical and scientific;

with

Originals,

in

PROSE AND VERSE.

Convinced, by the most strict observation, that the mind is embarassed by a thousand extrinsic difficulties, and sensible that a numerous library is the seat of the greatest extravagances and the most idle chimeras, we have made an election, by extracting the substance of numerous volumes, which we have included in small duodecimos; not unlike skilful chymists, who concentre the virtues of many plants in a small phial, and cast aside the refuse. Innumerable quantities of books are made; it is our business to collect the scattered and valuable parts. The ignorant babble eternally; the learned and sagacious speak little but *well.* *Mem. of the Year* 2500.

viz.

COLLINS, | GRAY,
SHENSTONE, | LYTTELTON.

.....

Printed and sold by G. Nicholson, Poughnill, near Ludlow.
Sold also in London, by
H. D. Symonds, Paternoster-row; Champante & Whitrow, Aldgate; Lackington, Allen, & Co. Finsbury-square; and all other Booksellers. 1801.

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POEMS

by

WILLIAM COLLINS.

with the Authors Life.

Corbould del. Simplicity. Hawkins sculpt.

Published, July 1, 1802, by G. Nicholson Poughnill near Ludlow,
Sold in London by
H.D. Symonds Paternester Row, Champante & Whitrow, Aldgate;
R. Bickerstaff Strand, T. Conder Bucklersbury;
Lackington Allen & Co. Finsbury Square;
and all other Booksellers.

THE LIFE OF COLLINS.

William Collins was born at Chichester in Sussex, on the 25th of December, 1721. His father was a hatter of good reputation, and alderman of that city. He received his early education in his native place. In 1733 he was admitted a scholar of Winchester College, where he continued seven years under the tuition of Dr. Burton. In 1740 he had the merit to procure a distinguished place in the list of those scholars who are elected upon the foundation of Winchester to New College in Oxford; but as there were then no vacancies in that society, he was admitted a commoner of Queen's-College in the same University. During his residence there, he was at once distinguished for genius and indolence, his exercises when he could be prevailed on to write, bearing visible characteristics of both. No vacancy happening in New College, he was recommended by his tutor to the society of Magdalen, where he was chosen a Demy, in July 1741. The uncommon abilities and learning which he displayed on this occasion principally contributed to his election. He continued at Magdalen College till he had taken his Bachelor's degree; and poetry being his principal pursuit, he wrote, about this time, his *Oriental Eclogues*, which were published in 1742, under the title of *Persian Eclogues*. The success of these poems was far from being equal to their merit; but to a novice in the pursuit of fame, the least encouragement is sufficient: if he does not at once acquire that reputation to which his merit entitles him, he embraces the encomiums of the few,

M 3578

forgives the many, and intends to open their eyes to the striking beauties of his next publication.

As Collins brought with him to the university a high opinion of his school acquisitions, and a sovereign contempt for all academic studies and discipline, he never looked with any complacency on his situation, but was continually complaining of the dulness of a college life. Weary of the confinement and uniformity of an academic life, and fondly imagining that his superior abilities would draw the attention of the great world, and make his fortune, in 1744, he suddenly left the university, and came to London, a literary adventurer, with many projects in his head, and very little money in his pocket. To acquaint himself with life, he commenced a man of the town, became an assiduous frequenter of the theatres, and spent his time in all the dissipation of Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and other places of public resort. In this pleasurable way of life, he was soon overtaken by poverty, from which he endeavoured to escape, by planning schemes for elaborate publications; but whether it were the power of dissipation, or the genius of repose that interfered, he could proceed no farther. Several books were projected which he was very able to execute, and he became in idea an historian, a critic, and a dramatic poet, by turns. At one time he published proposals for an *History of the Revival of Letters;* at another, he undertook to translate, and comment on, *Aristotle's Poetics,* and received, from the booksellers, some money; he then turned his thoughts to the drama, and planned several tragedies, but he only planned them. Under this unaccountable dissipation he suffered the greatest inconveniences. Day succeeded day for the

support of which he had made no provision, and in which he was to subsist either by the long repeated contributions of a friend, or the generosity of a casual acquaintance. Yet indolence triumphed over both want and shame; neither the anxieties of poverty nor the heart-burning of dependence had power to animate resolution to perseverance. As there is a degree of depravity into which if a man falls he becomes incapable of attending to any of the ordinary means that recal men to virtue, so there are some circumstances of indigence so extremely degrading that they destroy the influences of shame itself, and most spirits are apt to sink under their oppression into a sullen and unambitious despondence. However this might be with regard to Mr. Collins, we find that in the year 1746 he had spirit and resolution enough to publish his *Odes, descriptive and allegorical;* the success of which was even inferior to that of the *Oriental Eclogues.* Millar, the bookseller, purchased the copy at a very handsome price; but the sale was insufficient to pay the expense of printing. As soon as he was able, he returned Millar the copy-money, indemnified him for the loss he had sustained, and consigned the remainder, with indignation, to the flames.

It is not surprising that his *Odes* were unpopular at their first appearance; allegorical and abstract poetry was above the taste of the times, and will ever be above the taste of the bulk of readers. In 1748, he wrote an *Ode on the Death of Thomson,* and about the same time, the beautiful *Dirge* in Shakspeare's "Cymbeline." The misfortunes of Collins had already made a deep impression on his mind, but he found some consolation in changing the scene, and visiting his uncle, Lieutenant Colonel Martin,

who was then with the British army in Flanders. His uncle died soon after his arrival and left him £2000, a sum which he did not live to exhaust. The money he obtained from the booksellers, on the credit of translating "Aristotle's Poetics," was then repaid and the translation was neglected. But man is not born for happiness; Collins, who, while he *studied to live*, felt no evil but poverty, no sooner *lived to study* than his life was assailed by more dreadful calamities, disease and insanity! The accession of fortune came too late. He had been so long harrassed by anxiety, dissipation, and distress, that he fell into a nervous disorder, accompanied with an unconquerable depression of spirits, which, at length, reduced the finest understanding to the most deplorable dulness. In the first stages of his disorder he attempted to relieve himself by travel, but the growing malady obliged him to return. About this time Dr. Johnson visited him at Islington, where he was waiting for his sister, whom he had directed to meet him: "there was then," says Johnson, "nothing of disorder discernable in his mind by any but himself; but he had withdrawn from study, and travelled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to school: when his friend took it into his hand, out of curiosity, to see what companion a man of letters had chosen, "I have but one book," said Collins, "but it is the best." His disorder was not alienation of mind, but general laxity and feebleness, a deficiency rather of vital than intellectual powers. His words wanted neither judgment nor spirit; but a few minutes exhausted him; so that he was forced to rest on his couch, till a short cessation restored his powers, and he was again able to talk with his former

vigour. Collins began to feel the approaches of this dreadful malady soon after his uncle's death, and with the usual weakness of men so diseased, eagerly snatched that temporary relief with which the table and the bottle flatter and seduce. But his health continually declined, and he grew more and more burdensome to himself. He was for some time confined in a house of lunatics, and afterwards died in the arms of a sister at Chichester, in 1756, in the 35th year of his age. Mr. Collins was in stature somewhat above the middle size; of a brown complexion, keen expressive eyes, and a fixed sedate aspect which, from intense thinking, had contracted into an habitual frown. He had made great proficiency in learning; was acquainted with the ancient languages, and with the French, Italian, and Spanish. Like Milton, he was fond of the marvellous and extravagant. Genii, faries, and romance, afforded him the highest pleasure; and he delighted to rove in the regions of fancy. His ear was finely susceptible of the charms of harmony, and his genius was equal to the sublimest flights of the lyric muse. As a man, his piety was rational and sublime, his notions of conduct were solid, and he was adorned with the finest feelings of humanity. Whenever the difficulties of his situation, and surrounding temptations led him astray, he returned, with an untainted mind, into the paths of virtue.

His *Oriental Eclogues*, were reprinted in 4to, 1757. His *Poetical Works, with Memoirs of the Author, and Observations on his Genius and Writings*, were published by Langhorne, in 8vo, 1764. An Essay on his *Oriental Eclogues*, appeared in a posthumous volume of "Critical Essays," by Scott, in 1785. His *Ode on the Popular Superstition of the Highlands, con-*

sidered as the Subject of Poetry, was printed in the first volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh," 1788, from a mutilated rude draught obtained from Dr. Carlyle of Inverness, which fell into his hands among the papers of a friend of his and Mr. John Home's, who died as long ago as 1754. It appeared afterwards that it had been addressed to Mr. Home, by Collins, on his leaving London in 1749. A perfect copy of this *Ode* was printed by J. Bell, at London, in 4to, said to have been found in the drawers of a bureau, but the evidence of it's authenticity was withheld from the public. Dr. Johnson has spoken of the productions of Collins in severe and injurious terms. A very different opinion of their excellences, is, however, maintained by critics of unquestionable reputation. The pieces omitted in this selection are such as abound with much obscurity and absurd tradition.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

Selim; or, the Shepherd's Moral.

Scene, a valley near Bagdat.—Time, the morning.

'Ye Persian maids! attend your poet's lays,
and hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
Not all are bless'd, whom Fortune's hand sustains
with wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains;
well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
't is virtue makes the bliss where'er we dwell.'

Thus Selim sung, by sacred truth inspir'd;
nor praise, but such as Truth bestow'd, desir'd:
wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
informing morals to the shepherd maid;
or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
what groves nor streams bestow—a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
the radiant morn resum'd her orient pride;
when wanton gales along the vallies play,
breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away;
by Tygris' wandering waves he sat, and sung
this useful lesson for the fair and young.

'Ye Persian dames!' he said, 'to you belong,
(well may they please!) the morals of my song:
no fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around!
the morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
each gentler ray delicious to your eyes;
for you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow,

and your's the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
the best kind blessings Heaven can grant the fair.
Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
boast but the worth Bassora's* pearls display:
drawn from the deep, we own their surface bright;
but, dark within, they drink no lustrous light.
Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast;
by sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
Self-flatt'ring sex! your hearts believe in vain,
that love shall blind, when once he fires the swain;
or hope a lover by your faults to win,
as spots on ermine beautify the skin.
Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
each softer virtue that adorns the fair;
each tender passion man delights to find,
the lov'd perfections of a female mind!

Bless'd were the days when Wisdom held her reign,
and shepherds sought her on the silent plain;
with Truth she wedded in the secret grove,
immortal Truth! and daughters bless'd their love.

'O haste, fair maids! ye virtues! come away,
sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
by Ind' excell'd, or Araby, no more.

'Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
the dear deserter shall return again. [clear;
Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are
to lead the train, sweet Modesty! appear:
here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
and shepherd-girls shall own thee for their queen.
With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid;

*The gulph of that name, famous for the pearly-fishery.

but man the most—not more the mountain doe
holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew;
a silken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
but Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone;
desponding Meekness, with her down-cast eyes,
and friendly Pity, full of tender sighs;
and Love the last. By these your hearts approve;
these are the virtues that must lead to love.'

Thus sung the swain; and ancient legends say,
the maids of Bagdat verify'd the lay:
dear to the plains, the virtues came along;
the shepherds lov'd, and Selim bless'd his song

ECLOGUE II.

Hassan; or, the Camel-Driver.

Scene, the desert.—Time, mid-day.

In silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,
the driver Hassan with his camels pass'd;
one cruise of water on his back he bore,
and his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
a fan of painted feathers in his hand,
to guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
and not a tree, and not an herb was nigh:
the beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
with desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man,
thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:

'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day.
when first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

'Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
the thirst or pinching hunger that I find!
bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
when fails the cruise, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip it's precious load resign!
then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

'Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
in all my griefs a more than equal share!
here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
in vain ye hope the green delights to know,
which plains more bless'd, or verdant vales bestow;
here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
and faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
when first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

'Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade!
the lily Peace outshines the silver store,
and life is dearer than the golden ore;
yet money tempts us o'er the desart brown,
to every distant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea
and are we only yet repaid by thee?
Ah! why was ruin so attractive made?
or why, fond man, so easily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
the gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
the fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride;
why think we these less pleasing to behold
than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
when first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

'O cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
when thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe.
What if the lion in his rage I meet!
oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
and, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
by hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train;
before them death, with shrieks, directs their way!
fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
when first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
'At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
if aught of rest I find, upon my sleep;
or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
and wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor;
from lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
they tempt no desarts, and no griefs they find;
peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
when first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
'O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
the tender Zara! will be most undone.
Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
when fast she dropp'd her tears, as thus she said:'
'Farewel the youth, whom sighs could not detain;
whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise
weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see;
no griefs endure; nor weep, false youth! like me.'
'O let me safely to the fair return,
Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn!

O let me teach my heart to lose it's fears,
recall'd by wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears!
He said; and call'd on Heaven to bless the day,
when back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

Abra; or the Georgian Sultana.

Scene, a forest.—Time, the evening.

In Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are seen,
in distant view along the level green;
while evening dews enrich the glitt'ring glade,
and the tall forests cast a longer shade;
what time 't is sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
or scent the breathing maize at setting day;
amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove.
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.
Of Abra first began the tender strain,
who led her youth with flocks upon the plain;
at morn she came, those willing flocks to lead
where lilies rear them in the wat'ry mead:
from early dawn the live-long hours she told,
till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
a various wreath of odorous flowers she made.
Gay-motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,*
the violet blue that on the moss-bank grows;
all sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there:
the finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.
Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,

*That these flowers are found in every great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia, see the "Modern History" of Mr. Salmon.

by love conducted from the chace away:
among the vocal vales he heard her song,
and sought the vales and echoing groves among.
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid;
she knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

'Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
and every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'

The royal lover bore her from the plain;
where still her crook and bleating flock remain:
oft as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
and bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid! to other scenes remove;
to richer scenes of golden power and love!
go leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain;
with love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.

'Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
and every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'

Yet, midst the blaze of courts, she fix'd her love
on the cool fountain, or the shady grove;
still, with the shepherd's innocence, her mind
to the sweet vale and flowery mead inclin'd:
and oft as spring renew'd the plains with flowers,
breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours;
with sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
the breezy mountains, and the forests green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
each bore a crook all-rural in her hand:
some simple lay, of flocks and herds they sung;
with joy the mountain and the forest rung.

'Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
and every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'

And oft the royal lover left the care
and thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,

or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd:
a russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
and thought of crowns and busy courts no more.
'Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
and every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'
Blest was the life that royal Abbas led;
sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel?
the simple shepherd-girl can love as well.
Let those who rule on Persia's jewell'd throne,
be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone;
or wreathe, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
the lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
'O happy days!' the maids around her say;
'O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!'
'Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
and ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'

ECLOGUE IV.

Agib and Secander; or, the Fugitives.

Scene, a mountain of Circassia.—Time, midnight.

In fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
each swain was bless'd, for every maid was kind;
at that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,
and none but wretches haunt the twilight plains;
what time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
and pass'd in radiance through the cloudless sky;
sad o'er the dews two brother shepherds fled,
where wild'ring fear and desp'rate sorrow led:
fast as they press'd their flight, behind them lay
wild ravag'd plains, and vallies stole away.
Along the mountain's bending sides they ran;

till faint and weak, Secander thus began.

Secan. O stay thee, Agib! for my feet deny,
no longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart! O turn thee and survey;
trace our sad flight through all it's length of way!
and first review that long-extended plain,
and yon wide groves already pass'd with pain!
yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we try'd!
and last, this lofty mountain's weary side!

Agib. Weak as thou art, yet, hapless! must thou know
the toils of flight, or some severer woe.
Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
and shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind;
in rage of heart with ruin in his hand,
he blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
droops it's fair honours to the conquering flame;
far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
and leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

Secan. Unhappy land! whose blessings tempt the sword;
in vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
to shield the shepherd, and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
soft dreams of love and pleasure sooth his mind:
midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,
no wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

Agib. Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the sight is Zabra's flow'ry plain,
by nymphs and shepherds lov'd, alas! in vain!
No more the virgins shall delight to rove
by Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove;

on Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale:
fair scenes! but ah! no more with peace possess'd,
with ease alluring, and with plenty bless'd.
No more the shepherd's whitening tents appear,
nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
no more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd;
but Ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

Secan. In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
for ever fam'd for pure and happy loves;
in vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair:
those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

Agib. Ye Georgian swains! that piteous learn
Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war; [from far
some weightier arms than crooks and staffs prepare,
to shield your harvest, and defend your fair:
the Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
by lust incited, or by malice led,
the villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way;
yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
to death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
a shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
The' affrighted shepherds, through the dews of night,
wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

ODES, DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

TO PITY.

O thou! the friend of man assign'd,
with balmy hands his wounds to bind,
and charm his frantic woe:
when first Distress, with dagger keen,
broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,
his wild unsated foe!

By Pella's bard, a magic name!
by all the griefs his thought could frame,
receive my humble rite!
Long, Pity! let the nations view
thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
and eyes of dewy light.

But wherefore need I wander wide
to old Ilissus' distant side?
deserted stream, and mute!
Wild Arun* too has heard thy strains,
and Echo, 'midst my native plains,
been sooth'd by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed,
on gentlest Otway's infant head;
to him thy cell was shewn:
and while he sung the female heart,
with youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity! come; by fancy's aid,
ev'n now my thoughts, relenting maid!

* A river in Sussex.

thy temple's pride design:
it's southern site, it's truth complete
shall raise a wild enthusiast heat,
in all who view the shrine.

There picture's toil shall well relate,
how chance, or hard involving fate
o'er mortal bliss prevail:
the buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
and, sighing, prompt her tender hand,
with each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
in dreams of passion melt away,
allow'd with thee to dwell;
there waste the mournful lamp of night
till, Virgin! thou again delight
to hear a British shell.

TO FEAR.

Thou! to whom the world unknown
with all it's shadowy shapes is shown;
who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,
while Fancy lifts the veil between:
ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near!
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly,
for lo! what monsters in thy train appear!
Danger, whose limbs of giant mold
what mortal eye can fix'd behold?
who stalks his round, an hideous form!
howling amidst the midnight storm,
or throws him on the ridgy steep

of some loose hanging rock to sleep:
and with him thousand phantoms join'd,
who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind;
and those, the fiends, who near allied,
o'er nature's wounds, and wrecks preside;
while Vengeance, in the lurid air,
lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare;
on whom that ravening Brood of fate,
who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait.
Who, Fear! this ghastly train can see,
and look not madly wild, like thee?

EPODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
the grief-full Muse addrest her infant tongue;
the maids and matrons, on her awful voice
silent and pale in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the Bard* who first invok'd thy name,
disdain'd in Marathon it's power to feel;
for not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
but reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

But who is he, whom later garlands grace,
who, left a while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
with trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
where thou and Furies shar'd the baleful grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' incestuous queen †
sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
when once alone it broke the silent scene,
and he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear! I know thee by my throbbing heart;
thy withering power inspir'd each mournful line:
tho' gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
yet all the thunders of the scene are thine.

* Æschylus. † Jocasta.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
where wilt thou rest, mad nymph! at last?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
or in some hollow'd seat,
'gainst which the big waves beat,
hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought?
Dark power! with shuddering, meek, submitted thought,
be mine to read the visions old,
which thy awakening bards have told:
and, lest thou meet my blasted view,
hold each strange tale devoutly true.
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,
in that thrice hallow'd eve abroad,
when ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
their pebbled beds permitted leave,
and goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
or mine, or flood, the walks of men!
O thou! whose spirit most possest
the sacred seat of Shakespeare's breast;
by all that from thy prophet broke,
in thy divine emotions spoke,
hither again thy fury deal;
teach me but once like him to feel:
his cypress wreath my mead decree,
and I, O Fear! will dwell with thee.

TO SIMPLICITY.

O thou! by nature taught,
to breathe her genuine thought,
in numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong;
who first on mountains wild,
in Fancy, loviest child,
thy babe, and Pleasure's, nurs'd the powers of song!

Thou! who with hermit heart
disdain'st the wealth of art,
and gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall;
but com'st a decent maid,
in Attic robe array'd,
O chaste, unboastful nymph! to thee I call.

By all the honey'd store
on Hybla's thymy shore;
by all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear;
by her, whose love-lorn woe,
in evening musings slow,
sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear;

by old Cephisus deep,
who spread his wavy sweep
in warbled wanderings round thy green retreat,
on whose enamel'd side,
when holy Freedom died,
no equal haunt allur'd thy future feet:

O sister meek of Truth!
to my admiring youth,
thy sober aid and native charms infuse.
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
tho' Beauty cull'd the wreath,
still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none esteem,
but virtue's patriot theme,
you lov'd her hills, and led her laureate band;
but staid to sing alone
to one distinguish'd throne,
and turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
the passions own thy power;
love, only love, her forceless numbers mean:
for thou hast left her shrine,
nor olive more, nor vine,
shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Tho' taste, tho' genius bless
to some divine excess,
faint 's the cold work till thou inspire the whole;
what each, what all supply,
may court, may charm our eye;
thou, only thou, can'st raise the meeting soul!

Of these, let others ask,
to aid some mighty task;
I only seek to find thy temperate vale,
where oft my reed might sound
to maids and shepherds round,
and all thy sons, O nature! learn my tale:

Written in the year 1746.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
by all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
she there shall dress a sweeter sod,

than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By Fairy hands their knell is rung;
by forms unseen their dirge is sung:
there Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
to bless the turf that wraps their clay;
and Freedom shall awhile repair,
to dwell, a weeping hermit, there.

TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

O thou! who sit'st a smiling bride
by Valour's arm'd and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd!
who oft with songs, divine to hear,
win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
and hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword;
thou who amidst the deathful field,
by godlike chiefs alone beheld,
oft with thy bosom bare art found,
pleading for him, the youth who sinks to ground:
see, Mercy! see! with pure and loaded hands,
before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
and decks thy altar still, tho' pierc'd with many a wound.

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom e'en our joys provoke,
the fiend of nature join'd his yoke,
and rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey,
thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
o'ertook him on his blasted road,
and stop'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
I see recoil his sable steeds,

that bore him swift to savage deeds;
thy tender melting eyes they own.
O maid! for all thy love to Britain shown,
where Justice bars her iron tower,
to thee we build a roseate bower,
thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our monarch's throne!

TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
may hope, chaste Eve! to sooth thy modest ear,
like thy own solemn springs,
thy springs, and dying gales;

O Nymph reserv'd! while now the bright hair'd sun
sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
with brede etherial wove,
o'erhang his wavy bed;

now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,
with short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
or where the beetle winds
his small but sullen horn,

as oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
against the pilgrim born in heedless hum;
now teach me, Maid compos'd!
to breathe some soften'd strain,

whose numbers stealing through thy dark'ning vale,
may not unseemly with it's stillness suit,
as musing slow, I hail
thy genial lov'd return;

for when thy folding-star arising shows
his paly circlet, at his warning lamp

the fragrant hours, and elves
who slept in buds the day,

and many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
and sheds the freshening dew, and lovlier still,
the pensive pleasures sweet
prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
or find some ruin 'midst it's dreary dells,
whose walls more awful nod
by thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blust'ring winds or driving rain,
prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
that from the mountain's side,
views wilds, and swelling floods,

and hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
and hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
thy dewy fingers draw
the gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
and bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
while Summer loves to sport
beneath thy ling'ring light:

while sallow autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
affrights thy shrinking train,
and rudely rends thy robes;

so long regardful of thy quiet rule,
shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
thy gentlest influence own,
and love thy favourite name!

TO PEACE.

O thou! who bad'st thy turtles bear
swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
and sough'st thy native skies:
when War, by vultures drawn from far,
to Britain bent his iron car,
and bade his storms arise!

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,
our Youth shall fix some festive day,
his sullen shrines to burn:
but thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
what sounds may charm thy partial ears,
and gain thy blest return?

O Peace! thy injur'd robes up-bind;
O rise, and leave not one behind
of all thy beamy train!
The British lion, Goddess sweet!
lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
and own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
but come to grace thy western isle,
by warlike Honour led;
and, while around her Ports rejoice,
while all her Sons adore thy choice,
with him for ever wed!

TO THE PASSIONS.

For music.

When Music, heavenly maid! was young,
while yet in early Greece she sung,
the Passions oft to hear her shell,
throng'd around her magic cell;
exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
possess'd beyond the Muse's painting;
by turns they felt the glowing mind
disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd;
till once, 't is said, when all were fir'd,
fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
from the supporting myrtles round
they snatch'd her instruments of sound,
and as they oft had heard apart
sweet lessons of her forceful art,
each, for madness rul'd the hour,
would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, it's skill to try,
amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
and back recoil'd he knew not why,
even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
in lightnings own'd his secret stings,
in one rude clash he struck the lyre,
and swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair—
low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;
a solemn, strange, and mingled air!
't was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
what was thy delighted measure?
still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
and bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
still would her touch the strain prolong,
and from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
she call'd on Echo still through all the song;
and where her sweetest theme she chose,
a soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
and Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair,
and longer had she sung,—but, with a frown,

Revenge impatient rose;
he threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
and, with a withering look,
the war-denouncing trumpet took,
and blew a blast so loud and dread,
were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
and ever and anon he beat
the doubling drum with furious heat;
and tho' sometimes each dreary pause between,
dejected Pity at his side,
her soul-subduing voice applied,
yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
while each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy! to nought were fix'd,
sad proof of thy distressful state;
of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
and now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
and from her wild sequester'd seat,
in notes by distance made more sweet,

pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul,
and dashing soft from rocks around,
bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
round an holy calm diffusing,
love of peace, and lonely musing,
in hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how alter'd was it's sprightlier tone!
when Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
her bow across her shoulder flung,
her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
the hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
the oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
peeping from forth their alleys green;
brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
and Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
he with viny crown advancing,
first to the lively pipe his hand addrest,
but soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
they saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
amidst the festal sounding shades,
to some unwearied minstrel dancing,
while, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round;
loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
and he, amidst his frolic play,
as if he would the charming air repay,

shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
why, Goddess! why to us denied?
lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
as in that lov'd Athenian bower,
you learn'd an all-commanding power;
thy mimic soul, O nymph, endear'd!
can well recal what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
fill thy recording Sister's page.—
'T is said, and I believe the tale,
thy humblest reed could more prevail,
had more of strength, diviner rage,
than all which charms this laggard age;
even all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.—
O bid our vain endeavours cease,
revive the just designs of Greece;
return in all thy simple state;
confirm the tales her sons relate!

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

In yonder grave a Druid lies
where slowly winds the stealing wave;
the year's best sweets shall duteous rise
to deck it's poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whisp'ring reeds
his airy harp* shall now be laid,
that he whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
may love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
and while it's sounds at distance swell,
shall sadly seem in Pity's ear,
to hear the Woodland Pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
when Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
and oft suspend the dashing oar
to bid his gentle spirit rest!

and oft as Ease and Health retire
to breezy lawn, or forest deep,
the friend shall view yon whitening † spire,
and 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
ah! what will every dirge avail?
or tears, which Love and Pity shed,
that mourn beneath the gliding sail!

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
shall scorn thy pale shrine glimm'ring near?

* The harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the "Castle of Indolence."

† Richmond church, in which Mr. Thomson was buried.

with him, fweet bard! may Fancy die,
and Joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream! whose sullen tide
no sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
now waft me from the green hill's side,
whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!
yet once again, dear parted shade!
meek Nature's child! again adieu!

The genial meads * assign'd to bless
thy life, shall mourn thy early doom!
their hinds, and shepherd-girls shall dress
with simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay
shall melt the musing Briton's eyes;
oh vales! and wild woods! shall he say,
in yonder grave your Druid lies!

* Mr. Thomson resided in the neighbourhood of Richmond some time before his death.

SONG.

The sentiments borrowed from Shakespear.

Young Damon of the Vale is dead,
ye lowland hamlets moan:
a dewy turf lies o'er his head,
and at his feet a stone.

His shroud, which death's cold damps destroy,
of snow-white threads was made:
all mourn'd to see so sweet a boy
in earth for ever laid.

Pale pansies o'er his corpse were plac'd,
which, pluck'd before their time,
bestrew'd the boy, like him to waste,
and wither in their prime.

But will he ne'er return, whose tongue
could tune the rural lay?
ah, no! his bell of peace is rung,
his lips are cold as clay.

They bore him out at twilight hour,
the youth who lov'd so well:
ah me! how many a true-love shower
of kind remembrance fell!

Each maid was wo—but Lucy chief,
her grief o'er all was tried,
within his grave she drop'd in grief,
and o'er her lov'd one died.

TO MISS AURELIA C——R,

on her weeping at her Sister's Wedding.

Cease, Fair Aurelia! cease to mourn;
Lament not Hannah's happy state;
you may be happy in your turn,
and seize the treasure you regret.

With Love united Hymen stands,
and softly whispers to your charms;
'Meet but your lover in my bands,
you 'll find your sister in his arms.'

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

Sung by Guiderus and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
soft maids, and village hinds shall bring
each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
and rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
to vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
but shepherd lads assemble here,
and melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
no goblins lead their nightly crew;
the female fays shall haunt the green,
and dress thy grave with pearly dew!

The red-breast oft at evening hours
shall kindly lend his little aid,
with hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
to deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
in tempests shake thy sylvan cell;
or 'midst the chace on every plain,
the tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
for thee the tear be duly shed;
belov'd till life can charm no more,
and mourn'd till Pity's self be dead,

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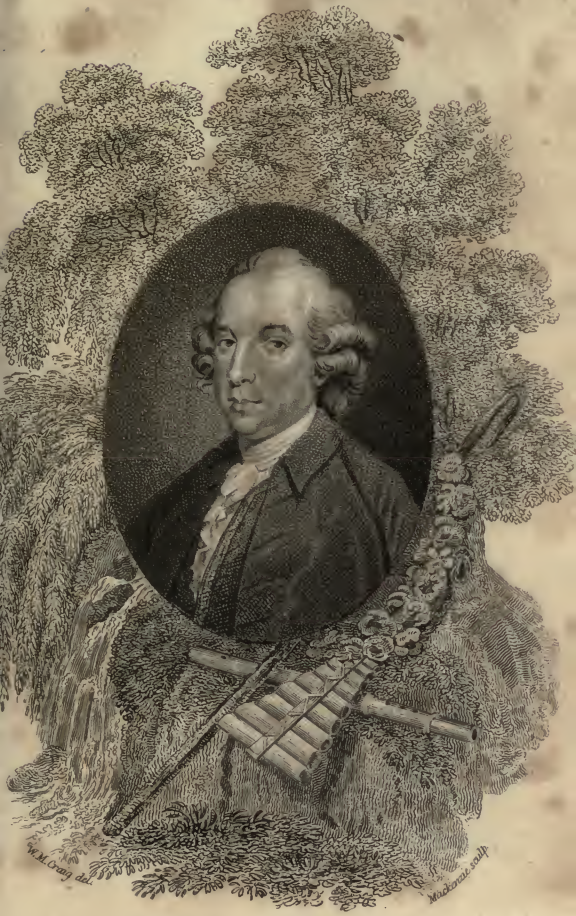
G. Nicholson, Poughnill.

SHENSTONE.



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THE LIFE OF SHENSTONE.

William Shenstone was the eldest son of Thomas Shenstone, esq. of the Leasowes, in the parish of Hales-Owen, in Shropshire, where he was born Nov. 18, 1714. His father, tho' plain and uneducated, seems to have been a sensible man and of liberal sentiments. Our author discovered a very early and uncommon attachment to books. He was taught to read by an old dame, whom he has celebrated in his *Schoolmistress*. He went for a while to the grammar-school in Hales-Owen; and was afterwards placed with the Rev. Mr. Crumpton, an eminent school master at Solihull, near Birmingham, from whom he received a good classical education. He formed here an acquaintance with Jago, "the poet of the birds," with whom he corresponded during life. At ten years of age he was deprived of his father; and in August 1726 of his grandfather; and was, with his brother Joseph, left to the care of his mother, who managed the estate. His brother died, unmarried at the Leasowes, in 1751. In 1732, Shenstone was entered a commoner at Pembroke College, Oxford. About this time his mother died, and his concerns devolved to the care of the Rev. Thomas Dolman of Brome, in Staffordshire, who married Mary Penn, his mother's sister. Shenstone always mentioned the attention of this gentleman with gratitude. He cultivated a very slender acquaintance at the University. A degree of bashfulness, from his confined education joined with a consciousness of his comparatively inferior abilities, made him disin-

clined to make advances to strangers; and the singularity of his appearance rather prejudiced some people against him. According to the taste which then prevailed, every student, as soon as he was entered at the University, cut off his hair, without any regard to gracefulness, and put on a wig of any colour his fancy suggested. No consideration could induce Shenstone to comply with this fashion. He thought, every one should consult his particular shape and complexion in adjusting his dress; and that no fashion ought to sanctify what was ungraceful, absurd, or really deformed. Mr. Shenstone first copied that remarkable manner of wearing his hair from a print of the Duke of Gloucester, prefixed to Kennett's Antiquities of Rome, which fashion he retained as long as he lived. The College of which he was a member, has long been eminent for English poetry and elegant literature, and was at that time distinguished by the names of Dr. Adams; Dr. Johnson; Blackstone; Mr. Hawkins, afterwards poetry-professor; Anthony Whistler, esq. of Whitworth, Oxfordshire, author of the "Shuttlecock," and other poems; Mr. Robert Binnel, author of some learned notes in "Granger's Tibullus;" and Mr. Richard Graves, rector of Claverton, in Somersetshire, author of the "Spiritual Quixote," "Euphrosyne," "Columella," "Peter of Pontefract," and other ingenious performances. Mr. Whistler, Mr. Graves, and Mr. Binnel, were his most intimate friends; together with his schoolfellow Jago, of University College, whom he could only visit in private, as he wore a servitor's gown. They, however, used to meet almost every evening at each other's chambers, where, according to Mr. Graves, "they

read plays and poetry, the Spectators, Tatlers, and other works of easy digestion, and sipped Florence wine." As Shenstone's fortune was a very sufficient foundation for a genteel profession, he intended to have taken his degrees, and to have proceeded to the study of physic, but being now of age, and coming into the possession of his estate at the Leasowes, and also to a moiety of the estate at Harborough, which fell to him by the unexpected death of his uncle, he was diverted from this purpose. His house at the Leasowes being inhabited by a tenant, instead of boarding there, or in the neighbourhood, he rather prematurely began to keep house at Harborough, which he found furnished to his hands, and in it's primitive state, having been inhabited by the family of the Penns for many generations. In this retirement, which suited the natural melancholy of his temper, being his own master, and finding himself much at ease, he prolonged his stay beyond what the business of the college regularly admitted. Having neglected to return to the University at the proper season, he deferred it from time to time, till he felt an entire reluctance to it; so that altho' he kept his name in the College books ten years, and changed his Commoner's gown for that of a Civilian, after the fourth year, he gave up the thoughts of proceeding to any degree, and seldom resided there.

In 1735, he was introduced to Mr. Graves of Mickleton in Gloucestershire, who had lately come with his sister to that part of the country. In this visit he seems to have felt the first symptoms of the tender passion. The beauty and merit of Miss Graves insensibly captivated his affections, and produced that melancholy langour which took entire

possession of his heart for some years, and vented itself in plaintive love-songs, and elegies of woe.

In 1740, he made his first visit to London, where he became acquainted with Dodsley, who printed the same year, his *Judgment of Hercules*. It was next year followed by the *Schoolmistress*, in the style of Spencer, which was written before the *Judgment of Hercules*, and is esteemed the most pleasing of his performances. About this time he was engaged in a poetical contest with some writers in the "Gentleman's Magazine," against enigmas, in which he called in the assistance of Mr. Whistler, Mr. Graves, and one or two more of his friends.

From about the year 1740, to 1746, he wandered about to acquaint himself with life, and was sometimes at London, and sometimes at Bath, Cheltenham, or other places of public resort; but from that period, made few excursions at any distance from home. His uncle Dolman, to whose care he was indebted for his ease and leisure, died in 1745; and the care of his own fortune now fell upon himself. He lived for some time at the Leasowes, with his tenant Mr. John Shenstone, who was distantly related; but finding that imperfect possession was inconvenient, he took the whole estate into his own hands. He had already, on his first coming to board with his tenant, cut a straight walk through his wood, terminated by a small building of rough stone; and, in the corner of a field, he had scooped out a sort of cave, and called it a hermitage; and, a few years after, had built an elegant little summer-house in the water, under a group of beeches; but hitherto had no conception of disposing his environs in any consistent plan. However, from this time he began

to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to enlarge his walks, and to wind his waters, which he did with such judgment and fancy, as made his little domain the admiration of men of liberal arts; a place to be visited by travellers, and copied by artists. The dreams of the poet were here realized. The woods were transformed into groves, and occupied by sylvan deities; his grounds rivalled the rich pastoral plains of Arcadian romance; and the stream now descended in foaming cascades, and now meandered in chrystal currents through flowery pastures. The embellishment of his farm however, was by no means the business, but only the amusement of his leisure hours. He will be blamed by some for not pursuing, as he once intended, some lucrative and useful profession; but he chose to resign their emoluments for the charms of ease and independence, and for innocent and elegant relaxations. Shenstone appears to have derived a principal part of his happiness from his visits to the Lyttelton family, the Earls of Stamford and Plymouth, Lord Foley, Lord Ward, Lady Luxborough, and his other neighbours; and, in summer, from people of note coming to see and commend his retirement; but in winter he was a prey to solitude, indolence, and low spirits. The constant improvements which Mr. Shenstone was making (frugally as they were managed), added to his manner of living, must necessarily have caused him to exceed his income, and, of course, he might sometimes be distressed for money, yet he had too much spirit to expose himself to insults for trifling sums, and guarded against any great distress by anticipating a few hundreds, which his estate could very well bear, as appeared from what remained to his

executors after the payment of his debts, his legacies to his friends, and annuities of £30 a year to one servant, and £6 to another; for his will was dictated with equal justice and generosity. "He had always," says Mr. Graves, "admired Rowe's song of the "Despairing Shepherd," said to have been written on Mr. Addison and the Countess of Warwick." And, I believe, on parting with Miss Graves, on some occasion, he first sketched out his *Pastoral Ballad*, in that style which I saw, two or three years before he went to Cheltenham, in the summer of 1743. But meeting there, and becoming very intimate, with Miss C——, he became so far enamoured as to feel himself unhappy on leaving Cheltenham and the object of his passion. On this, he enlarged and divided it into four distinct parts. If it be true, as Dr. Johnson asserts, that "he might have obtained the lady to whom his *Pastoral Ballad* was addressed," it must have been a mere poetical flight to talk, as he does, of her cruelty and infidelity: I can hardly believe, as her sister was married to a baronet of considerable fortune, that Miss C——, in her bloom, would have condescended to marry a man, however deserving, of so small a fortune as Mr. Shenstone. And tho' from his acquired habits and taste of life, he could not have been happy with a woman of inferior education, yet as he was sensible his income was not sufficient to support a lady of Miss C——'s description, he never aspired to that happiness; as he says in a letter on this occasion, "marriage was not once the subject of our conversation, nor even love: as I can add from the best authority,

—— nec conjugis unquam
prætendi tædas, aut hæc in fœdera veni. *Virg.*"

After his settlement at the Leasowes, tho' the embellishment of his farm engaged his thoughts, he occasionally wrote most of his elegies, "partly," says he, "to divert my present impatience, and partly as it will be a picture of most that passes in my own mind, a portrait which *friends* may value." His elegy called *Ophelia's Urn*, alludes to a real urn which he had erected in the church at Mickleton, with this inscription:

"Utreciæ Smith;
puellæ simplici, innocuæ, eleganti;
R. G.
una actæ memor pueritiæ
mærens posuit.
M. DCC. XLIV."

Utrecia Smith was the daughter of a clergyman, who, from the books with which her father supplied her, had formed to herself a good taste for polite literature, and wrote well in prose, and sometimes in verse. A connexion of four or five years with a very ingenious clergyman, which, for prudential reasons, he thought proper to break off, proved in it's consequence fatal to this extraordinary young woman; she died soon after, greatly lamented by Shenstone, and many other ingenious young people who had been acquainted with her. About the year 1750, he had resolution enough to take a journey of near seventy miles, to visit his friend Mr. Whistler, at Whitchurch in Oxfordshire. Mr. Whistler lived in an elegant style, and was visited by all the genteel families in the neighbourhood. He laid a stress on trivial circumstances in his domestic economy, which Shenstone affected to despise. This disposed him one evening to ridicule Mr. Whistler's great solicitude in preparing for an

entertainment. Instead of dressing for the company, he continued lolling at his ease, and disputing rather perversely on the folly and absurdity of attending to such trifles. The dispute ran high; and, altho' he suppressed his choler that evening, he took an almost silent leave the next morning. Mr. Whistler died in 1754; and it appears from a letter of Shenstone's that he still retained the same warmth of affection for his old friend. "Poor Mr. Whistler! how do all our little disputes appear to us now! yet we may with comfort reflect, that they were not of a kind that affected the *vitals* of our friendship; we fondly loved and esteemed each other—of necessity, "tales animas oportuit esse concordes," &c. Not a single embellishment have I given to my place since he was last here; but I have had his approbation and amusement in my eye." He paid so great a deference to the taste of Mr. Whistler, that he seldom wrote a letter to him without the utmost care and attention. From this time he went but seldom from home, and grew more indolent and sedentary; but he was always alert and attentive to the claims of friendship and benevolence. As far as his influence extended, he patronized Miss Wheatley, Mr. Woodhouse, and Mr. Giles, and corrected and improved their poetical compositions. He promoted the publication of Livie's elegant edition of Horace: assisted Mr. Hull in writing his tragedy of "Henry ii, or the Fall of Rosamond," and suggested to Dr. Percy, the scheme of publishing his "Reliques of Ancient Poetry;" and, as he gratefully acknowledges, greatly assisted him in that work.

The latter days of Mr. Shenstone were passed in high credit and reputation. He was respected and

carressed by his neighbours of the first rank; and beloved and esteemed by his more intimate friends. It is certain that the disproportion of his fortune to his desires, and the exigences of his expenditures, could not but excite very uneasy sensations. His situation in this respect was generally known among his friends of rank, who began to recommend him to those in power. It is said, that a pension was in contemplation; nay, that the patent was actually ordered to be made out; but at a time when relief, honours, or emoluments were become unnecessary; for his ease and tranquillity, in this world, were now destined to be of short duration. On a very cold Sunday, he returned from a visit to his friend Lord Stamford at Enville; and was soon after sezed with a fever of the putrid kind, which terminated fatally at five on Friday morning, February 11, 1763. He was buried near his brother, under a plain flat stone in the church-yard of Hales-Owen. Afterwards, his friend Mr. Graves erected a neat urn to his memory in Hales-Owen church, with the following inscription.

"Whoe'er thou art, with reverence tread
these sacred mansions of the dead!
Not that the monumental bust,
or sumptuous tomb, here guards the dust
of rich or great:—let wealth, rank, birth,
sleep undistinguish'd in the earth;
this simple urn records a name
which shines with more exalted fame.
Reader! if genius, taste refin'd,
a native elegance of mind;
if virtue, science, manly sense;
if wit that never gave offence;
the clearest head, the tenderest heart,
in thy esteem e'er claim'd a part;
ah! smite thy breast, and drop a tear,
for know, *thy* Shenstone's dust lies here. *R. G.*

An urn was also erected to his memory at Hagley, by his friend Lyttelton; and seats were inscribed to him by Mr. Knight of Wooverly in Worcestershire, and by the Marquis de Girardin at Ermenonville, "the Leasowes of France." An "Account of his Life" and a "Description of the Leasowes" has been written by his friend Dodsley, and prefixed to an edition of his *Works in Prose and Verse*, in 3 vols. 8vo. A poetical description of the Leasowes is printed in "Woodhouse's Poems," and in "Giles's Miscellanies." The estate has been improved by a plain elegant house, built in 1776, by Edward Horne, esq., the possessor. Mr. Mason has, in his much admired poem called the "English Garden," paid a just tribute to Shenstone, both as a man of taste and a poet:—

> "Nor, Shenstone, thou,
> shalt pass without thy meed, thou son of peace,
> who knew'st perchance to harmonize thy shades,
> still softer than thy song; yet was that song
> nor rude, nor inharmonious, when attun'd
> to pastoral plaint, or tale of slighted love." *b. 1. l. 530.*

Mr. Shenstone seems to have had all the virtues and all the imperfections that attend a generous, easy, and indolent, disposition. In his private opinions he adhered to no particular sect, and hated all religious disputes. But whatever were his own sentiments, he always shewed great tenderness to those who differed from him. Tenderness, in every sense of the word, was his peculiar characteristic: his friends, his domestics, his poor neighbours, all daily experienced his benevolent turn of mind. Indeed this virtue in him was often carried to such excess, that it sometimes bordered on weakness; yet if he was convinced that any of those ranked among the number of his

friends had treated him ungenerously, he was not easily reconciled. He used a maxim on such occasions which is worthy of being observed and imitated: "I never," said he, "will be a revengeful enemy; but I cannot, it is not in my nature, to be half a friend." He was in his temper quite unsuspicious; but if suspicion was once awakened in him, it was not laid asleep again without difficulty. Nothing could be more amiable than his social, or more unexceptionable than his moral character. In company with strangers, he felt an awkward restraint; but where he was at ease, his conversation was sensible and sprightly. He sometimes indulged himself in strokes of humour; but the tender and pathetic were more congenial to the natural melancholy of his temper. He was fond of pictures, statues, medals, and every article of virtu, without being a virtuoso, or enthusiastically attached to them. In music and painting he had considerable taste and skill. He was fond of trinkets, such as rings, snuff-boxes, &c.; and studied and drew sketches for them, from which the Birmingham people improved their toys. He was no economist; yet when one recollects the perfect paradise he had raised around him, his hospitality, his great indulgence to his servants whom he treated like humble friends, his charities to the indigent, and all done with an estate amounting not to more than £300 a year, one should rather be led to wonder that he left any thing behind him, than to blame his want of economy. He left, however, more than was sufficient to pay all his debts, and by his will appropriated his whole estate to that purpose. In his person, he was larger than the middle size, and of a robust rather

than an elegant form. He had a dull heavy look, unless when his features were animated by conversation and sentiment, which rendered him extremely pleasing. In his dress he was negligent, even to a fault; tho', when young, at the university, he was accounted a beau. He wore his own hair, which was quite grey very early, in a particular manner; not from any affectation of singularity, but from an opinion which has been already mentioned. His favourite dress was a plain blue coat, and a scarlet waistcoat with a broad gold lace, which he seldom changed either winter or summer. Mr. Shenstone's writings, for the most part, have very considerable merit. Considered merely as an author, he had the uncommon felicity of attracting the *love* of his readers: and those who from readers had the happiness of becoming acquainted with him as a man, never felt any diminution of that preconceived esteem for him, inspired by his works. The feebler parts of our author's poems are omitted in this selection.

Graves's Life of Shenstone,....Dodsley's Preface to Shenstone's Works,....Goldsmith's Essays.

THE FOLLOWING

DESCRIPTION OF THE LEASOWES,

was written by Robert Dodsley, in order to give a friend some idea of this sylvan estate. It may still serve to shew what it *once* was, but what it is no longer. Unfortunately the pristine beauty of the Leasowes has undergone many alterations, in conformity to the tastes or passions of it's different possessors since Shenstone's time; shades have been taken away, bowers destroyed by neglect, and hedge-rows spoiled by clipping. As the progress of the original improvement of this estate contains a true picture of sublunary vicissitude, it may not be useless to retrace it's outlines. The paternal inheritance of our poet, had he been content with a little, was amply sufficient; but instead of sitting down to enjoy life, he resolved to prepare for it's future enjoyment, and began to convert a place of profit into a scene of pleasure. It is probable he supposed this could be effected at a small expense, and he was willing, for a while, to stint his income, for the sake of an opportunity of displaying his taste. Improvements went on, one beauty attained, led the way to another, but every emendation was expected to be the last. The place grew too large and too splendid for it's inhabitant; but it was a pride which when once exhibited could not be withdrawn. The garden was made for the owner, and tho' unfit for him, he could not willingly resign it to another. The idea which had suggested that such beauty would contribute to the happiness of life, were found unfaithful. Instead, therefore, of looking within for satisfaction, he began to think of having recourse to the praises of those who came to see his improvements. The gardens were opened to the visits of every stranger; and the country people flocked to walk, to criticise, to admire, and to do mischief. It was soon discovered that the approvers of our poet's taste left by no means such strong marks of their applause, as the envious did of their malignity. The windows of his temples, and the walls of his retreats, were imprest with the characters of prophaneness, ignorance, and obscenity; his hedges were

broken, his statues and urns defaced, and his lawns worn bare. It was now, therefore, necessary to shut up the gardens once more, and to deprive the public of that happiness which had before ceased to be his own. In this situation we may conjecture that our poet continued for a time in the predicament of a jealous lover, fond of the beauty he keeps, but unable to supply the extravagance of every demand. The garden, by this time, was completely grown and finished; the marks of art were covered by the luxuriance of nature; the winding walks were become shady; the brook had assumed a natural sylvage; and the rocks were covered with moss. Little perhaps now appeared to interrupt the peaceful enjoyment of an earthly paradise, but our poet was suddenly seized by indisposition, and died! It was than necessary that his garden should be sold for the benefit of those who had contributed to it's embellishment. The beauties of the place had been celebrated as well in prose as verse; the spot where every urn was marked with the poet's pencil, and every walk calculated to awaken genius and inspire meditation, became wished for and envied. In the space of a few years it has passed to different proprietors, who each thought himself possessed of taste, and was anxious to discover it. The grounds had received their best finishing from the hand of their first possessor, but every innovator lent his skill at alteration. Could the original possessor revive, with what a sorrowful heart would he look upon his favourite spot again; scarcely recollectiing a dryad or a wood-nymph of his former acquaintance. After Shenstone, —— Hodgets, esq. became proprietor of the Leasowes, and the following in succession. —— Powell, esq.; Capt. Turnpenny; Mrs. Peach (married to Lord Lyttelton); Capt. Roebuck; —— Horne, esq.; John Delap Halliday, esq.; William Edward Hartop, esq.; Charles Hamilton, esq. Out of this list Mr. Horne and Mr. Halliday, appear the most congenial successors of Shenstone; the memory of the latter is recorded in a splendid monument, by Banks, in Hales Owen church. It exhibits on one side of a long inscription, a fine masculine figure, in a pensive and declamatory posture; on the other side a delicate female figure upon her knees bowed, in contrition, even to the ground; intending, said the parish clerk, to represent Mrs. Halliday; done while she was living, partly at her expense,

and desire: and on this circumstance "hangs a tale". Report says, that during the absence of her husband for several years abroad, the importunities of a relation, to whom he had intrusted the care of his affairs, had proved too successful in seducing her from the duty of continence; and Halliday returned but to pine, and droop, and die.

In proceeding with Dodsley's description, it is proper to remark that the parts printed in *italics* are not now perceptible, and what is inclosed in brackets are additional remarks suited to the state of the grounds as examined in the spring of the year 1808. "About half a mile short of Hales Owen, in your way from Birmingham to Bewdley, you quit the great road, and turn into a lane on the left, [shaded by hedge-rows] where in descending in a winding manner towards the bottom of a deep valley, the first objects which occur, are [the gardener's cottage, opposite to which a green wicket leads to a short walk terminating at a dingle, the upper part on the left presenting a small sheet of water. Immediately on the right is] a kind of ruined wall, and a small gate within an arch, *inscribed the Priory Gate.* Passing through the gate, the right presents you with tall trees, high irregular ground, rugged scars, and the most natural, if not the most striking of the many cascades found in these grounds; the left with a sloping grove of oaks; *and the centre with a pretty circular landscape appearing through the trees, of which Hales Owen steeple, and other objects at a distance, form an interesting part.* [Intercepted by a canal cut through the grounds since Shenstone's time. He did not live to see a public benefit become an irreparable injury to his favourite designs. He escaped, at least this misery.] *The seat beneath the ruinated wall has these lines of Virgil inscribed, suiting well with the general tenour of Mr. Shenstone's late situation:*

——— "*Lucis habitamus opacis,*
riparumque toras, et prata recentia rivis
indolimus."

IMITATION.

——— *We dwell in shady groves,*
and seek the groves with cooling streams refresh'd,
and trace the verdant banks. *Hull.*

You now proceed a few paces down the valley *to another*

bench, where you have this cascade in front, which, together with the internal arch and other appendages, make a pretty irregular picture. I must observe, once for all, that a number of these protempory benches (two stumps with a transverse board) seem chiefly intended as hints to spectators, lest in passing cursorily through the farm, they might suffer any of that immense variety the place furnishes to escape their notice. The stream attending us, with it's agreeable murmurs, as we descend along this pleasant valley we come *next to a small seat, where we have a sloping grove upon the right, and on the left a striking vista to the steeple of Hales Owen, which is here seen in a new light.* [Intercepted by the canal.] We now descend farther down this shady and sequestered valley, accompanied on the right by the same brawling rivulet running over pebbles, till it empties itself into a fine piece of water at the bottom. The path here winding to the left conforms to the water beforementioned, running round the foot of a small hill, and accompanying this semicircular lake into another winding valley, somewhat more open, and not less pleasing, than the former: *however, before we enter this, it will be proper to mention a seat about the centre of this water-scene, where the ends of it are lost in the two vallies on each side, and in front it is invisibly connected with another piece of water, of about twenty acres, open to Mr. Shenstone, but not his property. This last was a performance of the monks, and part of a prodigious chain of fish-ponds that belonged to Hales Abbey. The back ground of this scene is very beautiful, and exhibits a picture of villages and varied ground finely held up to the eye.* [Destroyed by the canal.] We now leave the Priory upon the left, which is not meant for an object here, and wind along into the other valley: and here I cannot but take notice of the judgment which formed this piece of water, for altho' it be not very large, yet, as it is formed by the concurrence of three vallies, in which, two of the ends are hid, and in the third it seems to join with the large extent of water below, it is, to all appearance, unbounded. I must confess I never saw a more natural bed for water, or any kind of lake that pleased me better; but it may be right to mention, that this water, in it's full extent, has a yet more important effect from Mr. Shenstone's house, where it is seen to great advantage. [This effect is destroyed by the canal.] We now, by a

pleasing serpentine walk, enter a narrow glade in the valley, the slopes on each side finely covered with oaks and beeches, on the left of which is a common bench, which affords a retiring place secluded from every eye, and a short respite, during which the eye reposes on a fine amphitheatre of wood and thicket. [At present this can scarcely be said to be an amphitheatre.] We now proceed to a seat beneath a prodigiously fine canopy of spreading oak, *on the bank of which is this inscription;*

"*Huc ades, O Melibœe! caper tibi salvus et hœdi;*
et si quid cessare potes, requiesce sub umbra."

IMITATION.

Hither, O Melibœus! bend thy way;
thy herds, thy goats, secure from harm, repose;
if haply leisure serve a while to stay,
here rest thy limbs beneath these shady boughs. Hull.

The picture before it, is that of a beautiful home scene; a small lawn of well-varied ground, encompassed with hills and well-grown oaks, and embellished with a cast of the piping Faunus amid trees and shrubs on a slope upon the left, and on the right, and nearer the eye, with an urn thus inscribed:

"Ingenio et amicitiæ
Gulielmi Somerville."

And on the opposite side,

"G. S. POSVIT,
DEBITA SPARGENS LACRIMA FAVILLAM
VATIS AMICI."

Translation.

TO THE GENIUS AND FRIENDSHIP OF
WILLIAM SOMERVILLE,
BY W. S.
Sprinkling the ashes of a friendly bard
with tributary tears. *Hull.*

The scene is enclosed on all sides by trees; in the middle only there is an opening, where the lawn is continued, and winds out of sight. Here entering a gate, you are led through a thicket *of many sorts of willows*, into a large root-house, *inscribed to the Right Honourable the Earl of Stamford.* [Now dedicated to W. Shenstone. Upon a Tablet is the following Inscription.

GULIELMO SHENSTONE.

Qui hujusce Ruris amænitates
nec gratas olim, nec cognitas,
ingenio suo Idagavit,
Littoris exornavit,
moribus commendavit,
sedam cum Rivo
dedicat, E. H.

The cascade is the principal object from the root-house, where the eye is presented with a fairy vision, consisting of an irregular and romantic fall of water, very unusual, one hundred and fifty yards in continuity; and a very striking scene it affords. Other cascades may possibly have the advantage of a greater descent and a larger torrent; but a more wild and romantic appearance of water, and at the same time strictly natural, is what I never saw in any place whatever. This scene, tho' comparatively small, is yet aggrandized with so much art, that we forget the quantity of water which flows through this close and overshaded valley, and are so much transported with the intricacy of scene, and the concealed height from whence it flows, that we, without reflexion, add the idea of magnificence to that of beauty. In short, it is not but upon reflexion that we find the stream is not a Niagara, but rather a water-fall in miniature; and that the same artifice, upon a larger scale, were there large trees instead of small ones, and a river instead of a rill, would be capable of forming a scene that would exceed the utmost of our ideas. But I will not dwell longer upon this inimitable scene; those who would admire it properly, must view it, as surely as those that view it must admire it beyond almost any thing they ever saw. [The left hand path leads up to the gardens, upon the right, on entering this path is an urn inscribed "Genio Loci."]

Proceeding on the right-hand path, the next seat affords a scene of what Mr. Shenstone used to call his Forest ground, consisting of wild green slopes peeping through a dingle, or irregular groupes of trees, a confused mixture of savage and cultivated ground held up to the eye, and forming a landscape fit for the pencil of Salvator Rosa.

Winding on beside this lawn, which is overarched with spreading trees, *the eye catches at intervals, over an intermedi-*

ate hill the spire of Hales church, forming here a perfect obelisk; the urn to Mr. Somerville, &c. and now passing through a kind of thicket, we arrive at a natural bower of almost circular oaks, inscribed in the following manner:

"TO MR. DODSLEY.

Come then, my Friend! thy sylvan taste display:
come hear thy Faunus tune his rustic lay:
ah! rather come, and in these dells disown
the care of other strains, and tune thine own."

On the bank above it, amid the fore-mentioned shrubs, is a statue of the piping Faun, which not only embellishes this scene, but is also seen from the court before the house and from other places: it is surrounded by venerable oaks, and very happily situated. From this bower also you look down upon the fore-mentioned irregular ground, shut up with trees on all sides, *except some few openings to the more pleasing parts of this grotesque and hilly country. The next little bench affords the first, but not most striking, view of the Priory. It is indeed a small building, but seen as it is beneath trees, and it 's extremity also hid by the same, it has in some sort the dignity and solemn appearance of a large edifice.* [Intercepted by the overgrowth of the trees.] Passing through a gate, we enter a small open grove, where the first [the second] seat we find affords a picturesque view, through trees, *of a clump of oaks at a distance, over-shadowing a little cottage upon a green hill:* we thence immediately enter a perfect dome or circular temple of magnificent beeches. The path serpentizing through this open grove, leads us by an easy ascent to a small bench with this motto,

———"*Me gelidum nemus*
nympharumque leves cum satyris chori
sacernant populo." *Hor.*

EXPLANATION.

———*May the cool grove,*
and gay assembled nymphs, with sylvans mix'd,
conceal me from the world! *Hull.*

which alludes to the retired situation of the grove. There is also seen, through an opening to the left, a pleasing landscape of a distant hill, with a whited farm-house upon the summit; [a red brick-house is visible.] *and to the right-hand a beautiful round*

slope, crowned with a clump of large firs, with a pyramidal seat on it's centre, to which, after no long walk, the path conducts us. But we first come to another view of the Priory, more advantageous, and at a better distance, to which the eye is led down a green slope, through scenery of tall oaks, in a most agreeable manner, the grove we have just passed on one side, and a hill of trees and thickets on the other, conducting the eye to a narrow opening through which it appears. Passing a bench, we now ascend to a second, where the circumjacent country begins to open; *in particular, a glass-house appears between two large clumps of trees, at about the distance of four miles; the glass-houses in this country not ill resembling a distant pyramid.* Ascending to the next seat, which is in the Gothic form, the scene grows more and more extended; woods and lawns, hills and vallies, thicket and plain, agreeably intermingled. [A seat exists, but there is nothing gothic about it, and the scenery above described is intercepted.] On the back of this seat is the following inscription, which the Author told me that he chose to fix here, to supply what he thought some want of life in this part of the farm, and to keep up the spectator's attention till he came to scale the hill beyond.

INSCRIPTION.

Shepherd, wouldst thou here obtain
pleasure unalloy'd with pain,
joy that suits the rural sphere?
Gentle Shepherd! lend an ear.

Learn to relish calm delight,
verdant vales and fountains bright,
trees that nod on sloping hills,
caves that echo, tinkling rills.

If thou canst no charm disclose
in the simplest bud that blows,
go, forsake thy plain and fold,
join the crowd, and toil for gold.

Tranquil pleasures never cloy;
banish each tumultuous joy;
all but love—for love inspires
fonder wishes, warmer fires.

Love and all it's joys be thine—
yet ere thou the reins resign,
hear what reason seems to say,
hear attentive, and obey.

Crimson leaves the rose adorn,
but beneath them lurks a thorn;
fair and flow'ry is the brake,
yet it hides the vengeful snake.

Think not she, whose empty pride
dares the fleecy garb deride,
think not she who, light and vain,
scorns the sheep can love the swain.

Artless deed and simple dress
mark the chosen shepherdess;
thoughts by decency controll'd,
well conceiv'd, and freely told;

sense that shuns each conscious air,
wit that falls ere well aware;
generous pity prone to sigh,
if her kid or lambkin die.

Let not lucre, let not pride,
draw thee from such charms aside;
have not those their proper sphere?
gentler passions triumph here.

See! to sweeten thy repose,
the blossom buds, the fountain flows;
lo! to crown thy healthful board,
all that milk and fruits afford.

Seek no more—the rest is vain;
pleasure ending soon in pain;
anguish lightly gilded o'er;
close thy wish and seek no more."

And now, passing through a wicket, the path winds up a circular green hill, discovering little of the country till you enter a clump of stately firs upon the summit. Overarched by these firs is an octagonal seat, the back of which is so contrived as to form a table or pedestal for a bowl or goblet thus inscribed—

"To all friends round the Wrekin!"

This facetious inscription, being an old Shropshire health, is a commemoration of his country friends, from which this part of Shropshire is divided: add to this that the Wrekin, that large and venerable hill, appears full in front, at the distance of about thirty miles. The scene is a very fine one, divided by the firs into several compartments, each answering to the octagonal seat in the centre; to each of which is allotted a competent number of striking objects to make a complete picture. A long serpentine stream washes the foot of this hill, and is lost behind trees at one end, and a bridge thrown across at the other. Over this the eye is carried from very romantic home-scenes to very beautiful ones at a distance. It is impossible to give an idea of that immense variety, that fine configuration of parts, which engage our attention from this place. In one of the compartments you have the simple scene of a cottage, and a road winding behind a farm-house half-covered with trees, upon the top of some wild sloping ground; and in another a view of the town, *appearing from hence as upon the shelving banks of a large piece of water in the flat.* [Intercepted by the canal.] Suffice it to say, that the hill and vale, plain and woodland, villages and single houses, blue distant mountains that skirt the horizon, and green hills romantically jumbled, that form the intermediate ground, make this spot more than commonly striking; nor is there to be seen an acre of level ground through the large extent to which the eye is carried.

Hence the path winds on betwixt two small benches, each of which exhibits a pleasing landscape, which cannot escape the eye of a connoisseur. Here we wind through a small thicket, and soon enter a cavity in the hill, filled with trees, in the centre of which is a seat, from whence is discovered, gleaming across the trees, a considerable length of the serpentine stream before mentioned, running under a slight rustic bridge to the right: hence we ascend a kind of *Gothic alcove* [now the entrances are formed of gothic arches, the front consists of two Ionic pilasters and entablature.] looking down a slope, sided with large oaks and tall beeches, which together over-arch the scene. On the back of this building is found the following inscription.

" O you that bathe in courtlye blysse,
or toyle in Fortune's giddy spheare,
do not too rashlye deeme amysse
of him that bydes contented here,

nor yet disdeigne the russet stoale
which o'er each careless lymbe he flyngs;
nor yet deryde the beechen bowle
in whyche he quaffs the lympid springs.

Forgive him, if at eve or dawne,
devoide of worldely cark, he stray,
or all beside some flowerye lawne
he waste his inoffensive daye.

So may he pardonne fraud and strife,
if such in courtlye haunt he see;
for faults there beene in busy life
from whyche these peaceful glennes are free."

Below this alcove is a large sloping lawn, finely bounded, crossed by the serpentine water beforementioned, and interspersed with single, or clumps of oaks at agreeable distances. Further on, the scene is finely varied, the hills rising and falling towards the opposite concavities, by the side of a long winding vale, with the most graceful confusion. Among other scenes that form this landscape, a fine hanging wood, backed and contrasted with a *wild heath, intersected with cross roads, is a very considerable object.* [Now enclosed.] Near adjoining to this is a seat, whence the water is seen to advantage in many different stages of it's progress; or where (as a poetical friend once observed) the proprietor has taken the Naiad by the hand, and led her an irregular dance into the valley. Proceeding hence through a wicket, we enter upon another lawn, beyond which is a new theatre of wild shaggy precipices, hanging coppice-ground, and smooth round hills between, being not only different, but even of an opposite character to the ground from which we passed. Walking along the head of this lawn, we come to a seat under a spreading beech, with this

INSCRIPTION.

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,

et paulum sylvæ super his foret. Auctius atque dii melius fecere.

IMITATION.

This was my wish---A humble spot of ground,
a garden well-dispos'd, and fenc'd around,
a bubbling fountain to my dwelling nigh,
with crystal treasures stor'd, and never dry,
the whole defended by a modest wood---
this was my wish; my wish the gods allow'd,
and ev'n beyond that wish indulgently bestow'd.

Hull.

In the centre of the hanging lawn before you is discovered the house, half-hid with trees and bushes. [Entirely hid.) A little hanging wood, and a piece of winding water, issues through a noble clump of large oaks and spreading beeches. At the distance of about ten or twelve miles Lord Stamford's grounds appear, and beyond these the Clee-hills in Shropshire. The scene here consists of admirably-varied ground, and is, I think, a very fine one. Hence passing still along the top of the lawn, we cross another gate, and behind the fence begin to descend into the valley. About half way down is *a small bench, which throws the eye upon a near scene of hanging woods and shaggy wild declivities, intermixed with smooth green slopes and scenes of cultivation.* We now return again into the great lawn at bottom, *and soon come to a seat, which gives a nearer view of the water before-mentioned, between the trunks of high overshadowing oaks and beeches, beyond which the winding line of trees is continued down the valley to the right. To the left, at a distance the top of Clent hill appears, and the house upon a swell, amidst trees and bushes. In the centre, the eye is carried by a sidelong view down a length of lawn, till it rests upon the town and spire of Hales, with some picturesque and beautiful ground rising behind it.* Somewhat out of the path, and in the centre of a noble clump of stately beeches, is a seat inscribed to Mr. Spence, in these words:

JOSEPHO SPENCE,
EXIMIO NOSTRO CRITONI;
CVI DICARI VELLET
MVSARVM OMNIVM ET GRATIARVM CHORVS,
DICAT AMICITIA.
MDCCLVIII.

EXPLANATION.

Dedicated by friendship to JOSEPH SPENCE,
our most excellent Crito,
whom
the unanimous consent
of every Muse and Grace made choice of
to be so distinguished. *Hull.*

We now enter, through a small gate, what is called The Lover's Walk, and proceed immediately to a seat where the water is seen very advantageously at full length; which, tho' not large. is so agreeably shaped, and has it's bounds so well concealed, that the beholder may receive less pleasure from many lakes of greater extent. The margin on one side is fringed with alders, the other is overhung with most stately oaks and beeches, *and the middle beyond the water presents the Hales Owen scene, with a group of houses on the slope behind, and the horizon well fringed with the wood. Now winding a few paces round the margin of the water, we come to another small bench, which presents the former scene somewhat varied, with the addition of a whited village among trees upon a hill. Proceeding on, we enter the pleasing gloom of this agreeable walk, and come to a bench beneath a spreading beech that overhangs both walk and water, which has been called the Assignation seat, and has this inscription on the back of it:*

Nerine Galatea, thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ,
candidior cygnis, hedera formosior alba;
cum primum pasti repetent præsepia tauri,
si qua tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito.

IMITATION.

O Galatea! Nereus' lovely child,
sweeter than Hybla thyme, more undefil'd
than down of swan, or ivy's purest white,
when the full oxen, warn'd by fading light,
home to the stall their footsteps bend,
if Damon's dear, to Damon's call attend. *Hull.*

Here the path begins gradually to ascend beneath a depth shade, by the side of which is a small bubbling rill, either forming little peninsulas, rolling over pebbles, or falling down small cascades, all under cover, and taught to mur-

mur very agreeably. This very soft and pensive scene, very properly stiled the Lover's Walk, is terminated with an ornamented urn, inscribed to Miss Dolman, a beautiful and amiable relation of Mr. Shenstone's, who died of the small-pox, about twenty-one years of age, in the following words on one side:

PETAMABILI SVÆ CONSOBRINÆ
M. D.

On the other side:

AH! MARIA!
PVELLARVM ELEGANTISSIMA!
AH FLORE VENVSTATIS ABREPTA,
VALE!
HEV QVANTO MINVS EST
CVM RELIQVIS VERSARI,
QVAM TVI
MEMINISSE!

EXPLANATION.

Sacred to the memory
of
a most amiable kinswoman.
Ah! Maria!
most elegant of nymphs!
snatched from us in thy bloom of beauty,
ah! farewell.

How much inferior
is the living conversation of others
to the bare remembrance of thee! *Hull.*

The ascent from hence winds more steeply to another seat, where the eye is thrown over a rough scene of *broken and furzy ground*, [now enclosed and cultivated,] upon a piece of water in the flat, whose extremities are hid behind trees and shrubs, amongst which the house appears, and makes upon the whole no unpleasing picture. The path still winds under cover up the hill, the steep declivity of which is somewhat eased by the serpentine sweep of it, till we come to a small bench, with this line from Pope's Eloisa:

"Divine oblivion of low-thoughted Care!"

The opening before it presents a solitary scene of trees thick

ets, and precipices, and terminates upon a green hill with a clump of firs on the top of it.

We now find the great use as well as beauty of the serpentine path in climbing up this wood, the first seat of which, alluding to the rural scene before it, has the following lines from Virgil:

—" Hic latis otia fundis
speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida Tempe,
mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni."

IMITATION.

Here tranquil leisure in the ample field,
here caves and living lakes their pleasures yield;
here vales invite where sports the cooling breeze,
and peaceful sleep beneath embowering trees,
while lowing herds surround. *Hull.*

Here the eye looking down a slope beneath the spreading arms of oak and beech trees, passes first over some rough furzy ground, and over water to the large swelling lawn, in the centre of which *the house is discovered among trees and thickets: this forms the fore ground.* Beyond this appears a swell *of waste furzy land* diversified with a cottage, and a road that winds behind a farm-house and a fine clump of trees. The back scene of all is a semicircular range of hills, diversified with woods, scenes of cultivation, and inclosures, to about four or five miles distance.

Still winding up into the wood, *we come to a slight seat, opening through the trees to a bridge of five piers, crossing a large piece of water about half a mile distant.* The next seat looks down from a considerable height, along the side of a steep precipice, upon irregular and pleasing ground. And now we turn upon a sudden into a long straight-lined walk in the wood, arched over with tall trees, *and terminating with a small rustic building.* Tho' the walk, as I said, be straight-lined, yet the base rises and falls so agreeably, as leaves no room to censure it's formality. About the middle of this avenue, which runs the whole length of the ranging wood, we arrive unexpectedly at *a lofty Gothic seat,* [Now a curious gothic hermitage of pebble work, shells, bones, and scoria from the iron furnaces. The interior is wain-scoted with the bark of oak, the roof with fir cones; the windows are of stained glass.] whence we look down a slope, more considerable than that before-mentioned, through

the wood on each side. This view is indeed a fine one, the eye first travelling down over well-variegated ground into the valley, *where is a large piece of water, whose sloping banks give all the appearance of a noble river.* The ground from hence rises gradually to the top of the Clent-hill, at three or four miles distance, and the landscape is enriched with a view of Hales Owen, the late Lord Dudley's house, and a large wood of Lord Lyttelton's. It is impossible to give an adequate description of this view, the beauty of it depending upon the great variety of objects, and beautiful shape of ground, and all at such a distance as to admit of being seen distinctly.

Hence we proceed *to the rustic building before-mentioned, a slight and unexpensive edifice, formed of rough unhewn stone, commonly called here the Temple of Pan, having a trophy of the Tibia and Syrinx, and this inscription over the entrance.*

" Pan primus calamos cera conjungere plures
Edocuit; Pan curat oves oviumque magistros.

IMITATION.

Pan, God of shepherds, first inspir'd our swains
their pipes to frame, and tune their rural strains;
Pan from inpending harm the fold defends,
and Pan the master of the fold befrends. Hull.

Hence mounting once more to the right, through this dark umbrageous walk, we enter at once upon a lightsome high natural terrace [Detached by a high locked gate,] *whence the eye is thrown over all the scenes we have examined before, together with many fine additional ones, and all beheld from a declivity that approaches as near a precipice as is agreeable. In the middle is a seat with this inscription.*

Divini gloria ruris!

EXPLANATION.

O glory of this sylvan scene divine! Hull.

To give a better idea of this, by far the most magnificient scene here, it were, perhaps, best to divide it in two distinct parts—the noble concave in the front, and the rich valley towards the right. —In regard to the former, if a boon companion could enlarge his idea of a punch-bowl, ornamented within with all the romantic scenery the Chinese ever yet devised, it would, perhaps, afford him the highes idea he could possibly conceive of earthly happiness;

he would certainly wish to swim in it. Suffice it to say, that the horizon, or brim, is as finely varied as the cavity. It would be idle here to mention the Clee hills, the Wrekin, the Welsh mountains, or Caer Caradoc, at a prodigious distance; which, tho' they finish the scene agreeably, should not be mentioned at the Leasowes, the beauty of which turns chiefly upon distinguishable scenes. The valley upon the right is equally enriched, the opposite side thereof being well fringed with woods, and the high hills on one side this long winding vale rolling agreeably into the hollows on the other. But these are a kind of objects which, tho' really noble in the survey, will not strike a reader in description, as they would a spectator upon the spot. Hence returning back into the wood, and crossing Pan's Temple, we go directly down the slope into another part of Mr. Shenstone's grounds, the path leading, [beside a semicircular bench, and over a stile] through very pleasing homescenes of well-shaped ground, exhibiting a most perfect concave and convex, till we come at a seat under a noble beech, presenting a rich variety of fore-ground, and at, perhaps, the distance of half a mile, *the Gothic alcove on a hill well-covered with wood, a pretty cottage under trees in the more distant part of the concave, and a farm-house upon the right, all picturesque objects.* The next and the subsequent seats afford pretty much the same scenes a little enlarged, with the addition of that remarkable clump of trees called Frankly Beeches, adjoining to the old family-seat of the Lytteltons, and from whence the present Lord Lyttelton derives his title. *We now come to a handsome Gothic screen, backed with a clump of firs, which throws the eye in front full upon a cascade in the valley, issuing from beneath a dark shade of poplars. The house appears in the centre of a large swelling lawn, bushed with trees and thickets.* The pleasing variety of easy swells and hollows, bounded by scenes less smooth and cultivated, affords the most delightful picture of domestic retirement and tranquillity. We now descend to a seat *inclosed with handsome pales, and* backed with firs, inscribed to Lord Lyttelton. It presents a beautiful view up a valley contracted gradually, and ending in a group of most magnificent oaks and beeches. *The right-hand side is enlivened with two striking cascades, and a winding stream seen at intervals between tufts of trees and woodland. To the left ap-*

pears the hanging wood already mentioned, with the Gothic screen on the slope in the centre. Winding still downwards, we come to a small seat, where one of the offices of the house, and a view of a cottage on very high ground, is seen over the tops of the trees of the grove in the adjacent valley, giving an agreeable instance of the abrupt inequality of ground in this romantic well variegated country. The next seat shews another face of the same valley, the water gliding calmly along betwixt two seeming groves without any cascade, as a contrast to the former one, where it was broken by cascades: the scene is very significantly alluded to by the motto,

" Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
flumina amem, sylvasque inglorius."

IMITATION.

Woods, vales, and running streams my mind enchant;
the woods and streams inglorious let me haunt.

We descend now to a beautiful gloomy scene, called Virgil's Grove, where, on the entrance, we pass by a small obelisk on the right-hand, with this inscription:

P. VIRGILIO MARONI
LAPIS ISTE CVM LVCO SACER ESTO.

Explanation.

TO
P. VIRGILIVS MARO
THIS OBELISK AND GROVE
IS CONSECRATED *

Before this is a slight bench, where some of the same objects are seen again, but in a different point of light. It is not very easy either to paint or describe this delightful grove: however, as the former has been more than once attempted, I will hope to apologize for an imperfect description, by the difficulty found by those who have aimed to sketch it with their pencil. Be it, therefore, first observed, that the whole scene is opaque and gloomy, consisting of a small deep valley or dingle, the sides of which are

* *Note.*—It was customary with the Romans to give a prænomen, or first name, in the manner of our Christian names; accordingly Virgil had that of Publius. He derived the addition of Maro from his father, who was so called.

inclosed with irregular tufts of hazel and other underwood, and the whole overshadowed with lofty trees rising out of the bottom of the dingle, through which a copious stream makes it's way through mossy banks, enamelled with primroses, and variety of wild wood flowers. The first seat we approach is thus inscribed:

Celeberrimo Poetæ
JACOBO THOMSON,
prope fontes illi non fastiditos,
G. S.
Sedem hanc ornavit.

EXPLANATION.

To the
much-celebrated Poet
JAMES THOMSON,
this seat was placed
near his favourite springs,
by
W. S.

"Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona? nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus austri, nec percussa juvant fluctutam litora, nec quæ saxosas inter decurrunt flumina valles."

IMITATION.

How shall I thank thy Muse, so form'd to please!
for not the whisp'rings of the southern breeze,
nor banks still-beaten by the breaking wave,
nor limpid rills that pebbly vallies lave,
yield such delight.——

This seat is placed upon a steep bank on the edge of the valley, from which the eye is here drawn down into the flat below, by the light that glimmers in front, and by the sound of various cascades, by which the winding stream is agreeably broken. Opposite to this seat the ground rises again in an easy concave to a kind of dripping fountain, where a small rill trickles down a rude niche of rock-work, through fern, liver-wort, and aquatic weeds, the green area in the middle, through which the stream winds, being as well shaped as can be imagined. After falling down these

cascades, it winds under a bridge of one arch, and then empties itself into a small lake which catches it a little below. This terminates the scene upon the right; and after these objects have for some time amused the spectator, his eye rambles to the left, where one of the most beautiful cascades imaginable is seen, by way of incident, through a kind of vista or glade falling down a precipice over-arched with trees, and strikes us with surprise. It is impossible to express the pleasure which one feels on this occasion; for tho' surprise alone is not excellence, it may serve to quicken the effect of what is beautiful. I believe none ever beheld this grove without a thorough sense of satisfaction; and were one to chuse any particular spot of this perfectly Arcadian farm, it should, perhaps, be this; altho' it so well contrasts both with the terrace and with some other scenes, that one cannot wish them ever to be divided. We now proceed to *a seat at the bottom of* a large root on the side of a slope, with this inscription: [The inscription remains, but there is no seat.]

INSCRIPTION.

'O let me haunt this peaceful shade,
nor let Ambition e'er invade
the tenants of this leafy bower,
that shun her paths and slight her power.

Hither the peaceful halcyon flies
from social meads and open skies,
pleas'd by this rill her course to steer,
and hide her sapphire plumage here.

The trout, bedropp'd with crimson stains,
forsakes the river's proud domains,
forsakes the sun's unwelcome gleam,
to lurk within this humble stream.

And sure I hear the Naiad say,
Flow, flow, my Stream! this devious way;
tho' lovely soft thy murmurs are,
thy waters lovely, cool, and fair.

Flow, gentle Stream! nor let the vain
they small unsully'd stores disdain;
nor let the pensive sage repine,
whose latent course resembles thine."

The view from it is a calm tranquil scene of water, gliding through sloping ground, with a sketch through the trees of the small pond below. The scene in this place is that of water stealing along through a rude sequestered vale, the ground on each side covered with weeds and field flowers, as that before is kept close shaven. Farther on we lose all sight of water, and only hear the noise, without having the appearance; a kind of effect which the Chinese are fond of producing in what they call their scenes of enchantment. We now turn all on a sudden, upon the high cascade which we admired before in vista. The scene around is quite a grotto of native stone running up it, roots of trees overhanging it, and the whole shaded over-head. However, we first approach upon the left, a chalybeate spring, with *an iron bowl chained to it*, and this inscription upon a stone;

FONS FERRVGINEVS
DIVÆ QUÆ SECESSV ISTO FRVI CONCEDIT.

EXPLANATION.

To the Goddess
who bestowed the enjoyment
of these retreats,
this chalybeate spring
is consecrated. *Hull.*

Then turning to the right, we find a stone seat, making part of the aforesaid cave, *with this well applied inscription:*

Intvs aqvæ dulces, vivoqve sedilia saxo;
nympharvm domvs:

IMITATION.

Within are wholesome springs, and marble seats,
carv'd in the living rock, of nymphs the bless'd retreats: Hull.

which I have often heard Mr. Shenstone term the definition of a grotto. We now wind up a shady path on the left hand, and crossing the head of this cascade, pass beside the river that supplies it in our way up to the house. [The editor, attempting to pass this way, approached the house, but was snarled at by a servant in livery, who told him that it was no road.] *One seat first occurs under a shady oak as*

we ascend the hill, soon after we enter the shrubbery, which half surrounds the house, where we find two seats thus inscribed to two of his most particular friends. The first thus:

Amicitiæ et meritis
RICHARDI GRAVES.

EXPLANATION.

To the
friendship and merits
of
RICHARD GRAVES.

Ipsæ te, Tityre, pinus,
ipsi te fontes, ipsa hæc arbusta, vocabant.

EXPLANATION.

Thee, Tityrus, the pines,
the crystal springs, the very groves invok'd.

And a little further, the other, with the following inscription:

Amicitiæ et meritis
RICHARDI JAGO.

EXPLANATION.

To the
friendship and merits
of
RICHARD JAGO.

From this last is an opening down the valley over a large lawn, well edged with oaks, to a piece of water crossed by a considerable bridge in the flat, the steeple of Hales, a village amid trees, making on the whole a very pleasing picture. Thus winding through flowering shrubs, beside a menagerie for doves, we are conducted to the stables. At the foot of the cascade *the most striking object is a Venus de Medicis, in a bason of gold-fish, encompassed round with shrubs, and illustrated with* the following inscription:

——"Semi educta Venus."

EXPLANATION.

Venus half-retired.

"To Venus, Venus here retir'd
my sober vows I pay;

not her on Paphian plains admir'd,
the bold, the pert, the gay;

not her whose am'rous leer prevail'd
to bribe the Phrygian boy;
not her who, clad in armour, fail'd
to save disastrous Troy.

Fresh rising from the foamy tide,
she ev'ry bosom warms,
while half-withdrawn she seems to hide,
and half reveals, her charms.

Learn hence, ye boastful sons of Taste!
who plan the rural shade,
learn hence to shun the vicious waste
of pomp, at large display'd.

Let sweet Concealment's magic art
your mazy bounds invest,
and while the sight unveils a part,
let Fancy paint the rest.

Let coy reserve with cost unite
to grace your wood or field,
no ray obstrusive pall the sight,
in aught you paint or build.

And far be driv'n the sumptuous glare
of gold from British groves,
and far the meretricious air
of China's vain alcoves.

'T is bashful Beauty ever twines
the most coercive chain;
't is she that sovereign rule declines,
who best deserves to reign."

Following the stream down the valley, you enter upon a winding path, with a piece of water on your right. The path and water, overshadowed with trees that grow upon the slopes of this narrow dingle, render the scene at once cool, gloomy, solemn, and sequestered. Winding forward down the valley, you pass beside a small root-house, where, on a tablet, are these lines:

Here in cool grot and mossy cell,
we rural Fays and Fairies dwell;
tho' rarely seen by mortal eye,
when the pale moon, ascending high,
darts through yon limes her quiv'ring beams,
we frisk it near these crystal streams.

Her beams, reflected from the wave,
afford the light our revels crave:
the turf, with daisies broider'd o'er,
exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor;
nor yet for artful strains we call,
but listen to the water's fall.

Would you then taste our tranquil scene,
be sure your bosoms be serene,
devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
devoid of all that poisons life;
and much it vails you in their place
to graft the love of human race.

And tread with awe these favour'd bowers,
nor wound the shrubs, nor bruise the flowers;
so may your path with sweets abound,
so may your couch with rest be crown'd!
but harm betide the wayward swain
who dares our hallow'd haunts profane!"

[After which you emerge from these sylvan scenes at a wicket exactly opposite that which you first entered.]

ELEGIES.

ON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF A CERTAIN LEARNED ACQUAINTANCE.

If proud Pygmalion quit his cumbrous frame,
funereal pomp the scanty tear supplies;
whilst heralds loud with venal voice proclaim,
lo! here the brave and the puissant lies.

When humbler Alcon leaves his drooping friends,
pageant nor plume distinguish Alcon's bier,
the faithful Muse with votive song attends,
and blots the mournful numbers with a tear.

He little knew the sly penurious art,
that odious art which Fortune's fav'rites know;
form'd to bestow, he felt the warmest heart,
but envious Fate forbade him to bestow.

He little knew to ward the secret wound;
he little knew that mortals could ensnare;
virtue he knew; the noblest joy he found
to sing her glories, and to paint her fair!

Ill was he skill'd to guide his wand'ring sheep,
and unforeseen disaster thinn'd his fold;
yet at another's loss the swain would weep,
and for his friend his very crook was sold.

Ye sons of wealth! protect the Muse's train:
from winds protect them, and with food supply;
ah! helpless they toward the threaten'd pain,
the meagre famine, and the wintry sky!

He lov'd a nymyh: amidst his slender store
he dar'd to love; and Cynthia was his theme!
he breathed his plaints along the rocky shore,
they only echo'd o'er the winding stream!

His nymph was fair! the sweetest bud that blows
revives less lovely from the recent shower;
so Philomel enamour'd eyes the rose;
sweet bird! enamour'd of the sweetest flower.

He lov'd the Muse; she taught him to complain;
he saw his tim'rous loves on her depend;
he lov'd the Muse, altho' she taught in vain;
he lov'd the Muse, for she was Virtue's friend.

She guides the foot that treads on Parian floors;
she wins the ear when formal pleas are vain;
she tempts Patricians from the fatal doors
of Vice's brothel forth to Virtue's fane.

He wish'd for wealth, for much he wish'd to give;
he griev'd that virtue might not wealth obtain:
piteous of woes, and hopeless to relieve,
the pensive prospect sadden'd all his strain.

I saw him faint! I saw him sink to rest!
like one ordain'd to swell the vulgar throng;
as tho' the Virtues had not warm'd his breast,
as tho' the Muses not inspir'd his tongue.

I saw his bier ignobly cross the plain;
saw peasant hands the pious rite supply;
the gen'rous rustics mourn'd the friendly swain,
but Power and Wealth's unvarying cheek was dry!

Such Alcon fell; in meagre want: forlorn!
where were ye then, ye powerful patrons! where?
would ye the purple should your limbs adorn,
go wash the conscious blemish with a tear.

OPHELIA'S URN.

To Mr. Graves.

Through the dim veil of evening's dusky shade,
near some lone fane, or yew's funereal green,
what dreary forms has magic Fear survey'd!
what shrouded spectres Superstition seen!

But you, secure, shall pour your sad complaint,
nor dread the meagre phantom's wan array;
what none but Fear's officious hand can paint,
what none but Superstition's eye survey.

The glimm'ring twilight and the doubtful dawn
shall see your steps to these sad scenes return:
constant, as crystal dews impearl the lawn,
shall Strephon's tear bedew Ophelia's urn.

Sure naught unhallow'd shall presume to stray,
where sleep the reliques of that virtuous maid;
nor aught unlovely bend it's devious way,
where soft Ophelia's dear remains are laid.

Haply thy Muse, as with unceasing sighs
she keeps late vigils on her urn reclin'd,
may see light groups of pleasing visions rise,
and phantoms guide, but of celestial kind.

Then Fame, her clarion pendant at her side,
shall seek forgiveness of Ophelia's shade;
"why has such worth without distinction died?
why, like the desert's lily, bloom'd to fade?"

Then young Simplicity, averse to feign,
shall unmolested, breathe her softest sigh;
and Candour with unwonted warmth complain,
and Innocence indulge a wailful cry.

Then Elegance, with coy judicious hand,
shall cull fresh flow'rets for Ophelia's tomb;
and Beauty chide the Fates' severe command,
that shew'd the frailty of so fair a bloom!

And Fancy then with wild ungovern'd woe,
shall her lov'd pupil's native taste explain;
for mournful sable all her hues forego,
and ask sweeet solace of the Muse in vain!

Ah! gentle forms! expect no fond relief;
too much the sacred Nine their loss deplore:
well may ye grieve, nor find an end of grief—
your best, your brighest, favourite is no more.

TO FORTUNE,

suggesting his motives for repining at her dispensations.

Ask not the cause why this rebellious tongue
loads with fresh curses thy detested sway;
ask not, thus branded in my softest song,
why stands the flatter'd name which all obey?

'T is not that in my shed I lurk forlorn,
nor see my roof on Parian columns rise;
that on this breast no mimic star is borne,
rever'd, ah! more than those that light the skies.

'T is not that on the turf supinely laid,
I sing or pipe but to the flocks that graze:
and, all inglorious, in the lonesome shade
my fingers stiffen and my voice decays.

Not that my fancy mourns thy stern command,
when many an embrio dome is lost in air;
while guardian Prudence checks my eager hand,
and ere the turf is broken, cries, 'Forbear:

forbear, vain youth! be cautious, weigh thy gold,
nor let you rising column more aspire;
ah! better dwell in ruins than behold
thy fortunes mould'ring, and thy domes entire.

Honorio built, but dar'd my laws defy;
he planted, scoruful of my sage commands;
the peach's vernal bud regal'd his eye,
the fruitage ripen'd for more frugal hands.'

See the small stream that pours it's murm'ring tide
o'er some rough rock that would it's wealth display,
displays it aught but penury and pride?
ah! construe wisely what such murmurs say.

How would some flood, with ampler treasures blest,
disdainful view the scantling drops distil!
how must Velino * shake his reedy crest!
how every cygnet mock the boastive rill!

Fortune! I yield; and see, I give the sign;
at noon the poor mechanic wanders home,
collects the square, the level, and the line,
and with retorted eye forsakes the dome.

Yes, I can patient view the shadeless plains;
can, unrepining, leave the rising wall;
check the fond love of art that fir'd my veins,
and my warm hopes in full pursuit recall.

Descend, ye storms! destroy my rising pile;
loos'd be the whirlwind's unremitting sway:
contented I, altho' the gazer smile
to see it scarce survive a winter's day.

Let some dull dotard bask in thy gay shrine,
as in the sun regales his wanton herd;

* River in Italy that falls 100 yards perpendicular.

guiltless of envy, why should I repine
that his rude voice, his grating reed 's preferr'd?

Let him exult, with boundless wealth supply'd,
mine and the swain's reluctant homage share:
but ah! his tawdry shepherdess's pride,
gods! must my Delia, must my Delia bear?

Must Delia's softness, elegance, and ease,
submit to Marian's dress, to Marian's gold?
must Marian's robe from distant India please?
the simple fleece my Delia's limbs enfold?

'Yet sure on Delia seems the russet fair;
ye glitt'ring daughters of Disguise, adieu!'
So talk the wise, who judge of shape and air,
but will the rural thane decide so true?

Ah! what is native worth esteem'd of clowns?
't is thy false glare, O Fortune! thine they see;
't is for my Delia's sake I dread thy frowns,
and my last gasp shall curses breathe on thee.

He complains how soon the pleasing Novelty of Life is over.

To Mr. Jago.

Ah me! my friend! it will not last!
this fairy scene that cheats our youthful eyes!
the charm dissolves; th' aerial music's past;
the banquet ceases and the vision flies.

Where are the splendid forms, the rich perfumes,
where the gay tapers, where the spacious dome?
vanish'd the costly pearls, the crimson plumes,
and we, delightless, left to wander home!

Vain now are books, the sage's wisdom vain!
what has the world to bribe our steps astray?

ere Reason learns by study'd laws to reign,
the weaken'd passions, self-subdu'd, obey.

Scarce has the sun seven annual courses roll'd,
scarce shewn the whole that Fortune can supply,
since not the miser so caress'd his gold,
as I, for what it gave, was heard to sigh.

On the world's stage I wish'd some sprightly part,
to deck my native fleece with tawdry lace!
't was life, 't was taste, and—oh! my foolish heart!
substantial joy was fix'd in power and place.

And you! ye works of art! allur'd mine eye,
the breathing picture and the living stone;
' tho' gold, tho' splendour, Heaven and Fate deny,
yet might I call one Titian stroke my own!'

Smit with the charms of Fame, whose lovely spoil
the wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride;
I trimm'd my lamp, consum'd the midnight oil—
but soon the paths of health and fame divide!

Oft too I pray'd, 't was Nature form'd the prayer,
to grace my native scenes, my rural home;
to see my trees express their planter's care,
and gay, on Attic models, raise my dome.

But now 't is o'er, the dear delusion's o'er;
a stagnant breezless air becalms my soul;
a fond aspiring candidate no more,
I scorn the palm before I reach the goal.

O youth! enchanting state, profusely bless'd!
bliss ev'n obstrusive courts the frolic mind;
of health neglectful, yet by health caress'd,
careless of favour, yet secure to find.

Then glows the breast, as op'ning roses fair;
more free, more vivid, than the linnet's wing;

honest as light, transparent ev'n as air,
tender as buds, and lavish as the spring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might,
not all the craft to subtle age assign'd,
not science shall extort that dear delight,
which gay delusion gave the tender mind.

Adieu, soft raptures! transports void of care!
parent of raptures, dear deceit! adieu!
and you, her daughters, pining with despair,
why, why so soon her fleeting steps pursue!

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day!
again to trace the wintry tracks of snow!
or, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey
the self-same hawthorn's bud, and cowslips blow!

O life! how soon of every bliss forlorn!
we start false joys and urge the devious race:
a tender prey; that cheers our youthful morn,
then sinks untimely, and defrauds the chase.

HIS RECANTATION.

No more the Muse obtrudes her thin disguise,
no more with awkward fallacy complains,
how every fervour from my bosom flies,
and reason in her lonesome palace reigns.

Ere the chill winter of our days arrive,
no more she paints the breast from passion free;
I feel, I feel one loit'ring wish survive—
ah! need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?

The star of Venus ushers in the day,
the first, the loveliest of the train that shine!
the star of Venus lends her brightest ray,
when other stars their friendly beams resign.

Still in my breast one soft desire remains,
pure as that star, from guilt from int'rest free;
has gentle Delia tripp'd across the plains,
and need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?

While cloy'd to find the scenes of life the same,
I tune with careless hand my languid lays,
some secret impulse wakes my former flame,
and fires my strain with hopes of brighter days.

I slept not long beneath yon rural bowers;
and, lo! my crook with flowers adorn'd I see;
has gentle Delia bound my crook with flowers,
and need I, Florio! name my hopes to thee?

TO A FRIEND,

on some slight occasion estranged from him.

Health to my friend, and many a cheerful day!
around his seat may peaceful shades abide!
smooth flow the minutes, fraught with smiles, away,
and, till they crown our union, gently glide!

Ah me! too swiftly fleets our vernal bloom!
lost to our wonted friendship, lost to joy!
soon may thy breast the cordial wish resume,
ere wintry doubt it's tender warmth destroy!

Say, were it our's, by Fortune's wild command,
by chance to meet beneath the Torrid Zone,
wouldst thou reject thy Damon's plighted hand?
wouldst thou with scorn thy once-lov'd friend disown?

Life is that stranger land, that alien clime;
shall kindred souls forego their social claim?
launch'd in the vast abyss of space and time,
shall dark suspicion quench the gen'rous flame?

Myriads of souls that knew one parent mould,
see sadly sever'd by the laws of Chance!
myriads in time's perennial list enroll'd,
forbid by Fate to change one transient glance!

But we have met—where ills of every form,
where passions rage and hurricanes descend;
say, shall we nurse the rage, assist the storm,
and guide them to the bosom—of a friend?

Yes, we have met—through rapine, fraud, & wrong:
might our joint aid the paths of peace explore!
why leave thy friend amid the boist'rous throng,
ere death divide us, and we part no more?

For, oh! pale Sickness warns thy friend away;
for me no more the vernal roses bloom!
I see stern Fate his ebon wand display,
and paint the wither'd regions of the tomb.

Then the keen anguish from thine eye shall start,
and as thou follow'st my untimely bier;
'Fool that I was—if friends so soon must part,
to let suspicion intermix a fear.'

He compares his humble Fortune with the Distress of others, and his Subjection to Delia with the Miserable Servitude of an African Slave.

Why droops this heart with fancy'd woes forlorn?
why sinks my soul beneath each wintry sky?
what pensive crowds, by ceaseless labours worn,
what myriads wish to be as bless'd as I!

What tho' my roofs, devoid of pomp arise,
nor tempt the proud to quit his destin'd way?
nor costly art my flowery dales disguise,
where only simple Friendship deigns to stray?

See the wild sons of Lapland's chill domain,
that scoop their couch beneath the drifted snows!
how void of hope they ken the frozen plain,
where the sharp east for ever, ever blows!

Slave tho' I be, to Delia's eyes a slave,
my Delia's eyes endear the bands I wear;
the sigh she causes well becomes the brave,
the pang she causes 't is ev'n bliss to bear.

See the poor native quit the Libyan shores,
ah! not in love's delightful fetters bound:
no radiant smile his dying peace restores,
nor love, nor fame, nor friendship, heals his wound.

Let vacant bards display their boasted woes:
shall I the mockery of grief display?
no; let the Muse his piercing pangs disclose,
who bleeds and weeps his sum of life away!

On the wild beach in mournful guise he stood,
ere the shrill boatswain gave the hated sign;
he dropp'd a tear unseen into the flood,
he stole one secret moment to repine.

Yet the Muse listen'd to the plaints he made,
such moving plaints as Nature could inspire;
to me the Muse his tender plea convey'd,
but smooth'd and suited to the sounding lyre.

'Why am I ravish'd from my native strand?
what savage race protects this impious gain?
shall foreign plagues infest this teeming land,
and more than sea-born monsters plough the main?

Here the dire locusts' horrid swarms prevail;
here the blue asps with livid poison swell;
here the dry dipsa writhes his sinuous mail;
can we not here secure from envy dwell?

When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chase,
when the stern panther sought his midnight prey,
what fate reserv'd me for this Christian race?
O race more polish'd more severe than they!

Ye prowling wolves! pursue my latest cries;
thou hungry tiger! leave thy reeking den;
ye sandy wastes! in rapid eddies rise;
O tear me from the whips and scorns of men!

Yet in their face superior beauty glows:
are smiles the mein of rapine and of wrong?
yet from their lip the voice of mercy flows,
and ev'n religion dwells upon their tongue.

Of blissful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,
where gentle minds, convey'd by Death, repair;
but stain'd with blood, and crimson'd o'er with crimes,
say, shall they merit what they paint so fair?

No, careless, hopeless of those fertile plains,
rich by our toils, and by our sorrows gay,
they ply our labours, and enhance our pains,
and feign these distant regions to repay.

For them our tusky elephant expires:
for them we drain the mine's embowell'd gold;
where rove the brutal nation's wild desires?
our limbs are purchas'd and our life is sold.

Yet shores there are, bless'd shores for us remain,
and favour'd isles, with golden fruitage crown'd,
where tufted flowerets paint the verdant plain,
where every breeze shall med'cine every wound.

There the stern tyrant, that embitters life,
shall, vainly suppliant, spread his asking hand;
there shall we view the billows' raging strife,
aid the kind breast, and waft his boat to land.'

He takes Occasion from the Fate of Eleanor of Bretagne, to suggest the imperfect Pleasures of a Solitary Life.*

When beauty mourns, by Fate's injurious doom,
hid from the cheerful glance of human eye;
when Nature's pride inglorious waits the tomb,
hard is that heart which checks the rising sigh.

Fair Eleonora! would no gallant mind
the cause of Love, the cause of Justice, own?
matchless thy charms, and was not life resign'd
to see them sparkle from their native throne?

Or had fair Freedom's hand unveil'd thy charms,
well might such brows the regal gem resign;
thy radiant mein might scorn the guilt of arms,
yet Albion's awful empire yield to thine.

O shame of Britons! in one sullen tower
she wet with royal tears her daily cell;
she found keen anguish every rose devour;
they sprung, they shone, they faded, and they fell.

Through one dim lattice, fring'd with ivy round,
successive suns a languid radiance threw,
to paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd,
to mark how fast her waning beauty flew.

This age might bear; then sated Fancy palls,
nor warmly hopes what splendour can supply;
fond youth incessant mourns, if rigid walls
restrain it's list'ning ear, it's curious eye.

*Eleanora of Bretagne, the lawful heiress of the English crown, on the death of Arthur, in the reign of King John. She was esteemed the beauty of her time; and was imprisoned forty years (till the time of her death) in Bristol Castle.

Believe me, ****, the pretence is vain!
this boasted calm that smooths our early days:
for never yet could youthful mind restrain
th' alternate pant for pleasure and for praise.

Ev'n me, by shady oak or limpid spring,
ev'n me, the scenes of polish'd life allure;
some genius whispers, 'Life is on the wing,
and hard his lot that languishes obscure.

What tho' thy riper mind admire no more;
the shining cincture and the broider'd fold
can pierce like lightning through the figur'd ore,
and melt to dross the radiant forms of gold;

furs, ermines, rods, may well attract thy scorn,
the futile presents of capricious power!
but wit, but worth, the publick sphere adorn,
and who but envies then the social hour?

Can Virtue, careless of her pupil's meed,
forget how **** sustains the shepherd's cause?
content in shades to tune a lonely reed,
nor join the sounding pæan of applause?

For public haunts, impell'd by Britain's weal,
see Grenville quit the Muse's fav'rite ease;
and shall not swains admire his noble zeal?
admiring praise, admiring strive to please?

'Life,' says the sage, 'affords no bliss sincere,
and courts and cells in vain our hopes renew;'
but, ah! where Grenville charms the list'ning ear,
't is hard to think the cheerless maxim true.

The groves may smile, the rivers gently glide,
soft through the vale resound the lonesome lay;
ev'n thickets yield delight, if taste preside,
but can they please when Lyttelton's away?

Pure as the swain's the breast of **** glows:
ah! where the shepherd's phrase like his refin'd!
but how improv'd the generous dictate flows
through the clear medium of a polish'd mind!

Happy the youths who, warm'd with Britain's love,
her inmost wish in ***'s periods hear!
happy that in the radiant circle move,
attendant orbs, where Lonsdale gilds the sphere!

While rural faith, and every polish'd art,
each friendly charm in *** conspire,
from public scenes all pensive must you part,
all joyless to the greenest fields retire!

Go, plaintive youth! no more by fount or stream,
like some lone halcyon, social pleasures shun:
go, dare the light, enjoy it's cheerful beam,
and hail the bright procession of the sun.

Then, cover'd by thy ripen'd shades, resume
the silent walk, no more by passion tost;
then seek thy rustic haunts, the dreary gloom
where every art that colours life is lost.'

In vain! the list'ning Muse attends in vain!
restraints in hostile bands her motions wait—
yet will I grieve and sadden all my strain,
when injur'd beauty mourns the Muse's fate.

TO DELIA, WITH SOME FLOWERS;

complaining how much his benevolence suffers on account of his humble fortune.

Whate'er could sculpture's curious art employ,
whate'er the lavish hand of Wealth can shower,
these would I give—and every gift enjoy
that pleas'd my Fair—but Fate denies the power.

Bless'd were my lot to feed the social fires!
to learn the latent wishes of a friend!
to give the boon his native taste admires,
and, for my transport on his smile depend!

Bless'd, too, is he whose ev'ning ramble strays
where droop the sons of Indigence and Care!
his little gifts their gladden'd eyes amaze,
and win, at small expense, their fondest prayer!

And, oh! the joy to shun the conscious light;
to spare the modest blush; to give unseen!
like showers that fall behind the veil of night,
yet deeply tinge the smiling vales with green.

But happiest they who drooping realms relieve!
whose virtues in our cultur'd vales appear!
for whose sad fate a thousand shepherds grieve,
and fading fields allow the grief sincere.

To call lost worth from it's oppressive shade,
to fix it's equal sphere, and see it shine,
to hear it grateful own the gen'rous aid;
this, this is transport—but must ne'er be mine.

Faint is my bounded bliss; nor I refuse
to range, where daisies open, rivers roll,
while prose or song the languid hours amuse,
and sooth the fond impatience of my soul.

A while I 'll weave the roofs of jasmine bowers,
and urge with trivial cares the loit'ring year;
a while I 'll prune my grove, protect my flowers,
then, unlamented, press an early bier!

Of those lov'd flowers the lifeless corse may share,
some hireling hand a fading wreath bestow;
the rest will breathe as sweet, will glow as fair,
as when their master smil'd to see them blow.

The sequent morn shall wake the sylvan choir;
the kid again shall wanton ere' 't is noon:
nature will smile, will wear her best attire;
O! let not gentle Delia smile so soon!

While the rude hearse conveys me slow away,
and careless eyes my vulgar fate proclaim,
let thy kind tear my utmost worth o'erpay,
and, softly sighing, vindicate my fame.

O Delia! cheer'd by thy superior praise,
I bless the silent path the Fates decree;
pleas'd, from the list of my inglorious days
to raise the moments crown'd with bliss and thee.

Describing the Sorrow of an ingenuous Mind on the melancholy Event of a licentious Amour.

Why mourns my friend? why weeps his downcast eye?
that eye where mirth, where fancy, us'd to shine?
thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in Fortune's warm embrace?
wert thou not form'd by Nature's partial care?
bless'd in thy song, and bless'd in every grace
that wins the friend, or that enchants the fair!

'Damon,' said he, 'thy partial praise restrain;
not Damon's friendship can my peace restore:
alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
and my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

For, oh! that Nature on my birth had frown'd,
or Fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell!
then had my bosom scap'd this fatal wound,
nor had I bid these vernal sweets farewell.

But led by Fortune's hand, her darling child,
my youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd;
in Fortune's train the syren Flatt'ry smil'd,
and rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

Of folly studious, e'en of vices vain,
ah, vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,
nor dropp'd the chase till Jessy was my prey.

Poor artless maid! to strain thy spotless name
Expense, and Art, and Toil, united strove;
to lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the science of Love's mazy wiles,
I cloth'd each feature with affected scorn;
I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,
and, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
warm to deny and zealous to disprove,
I bade my words the wonted softness wear,
and seiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest?
will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
assur'd that virtue by misfortune press'd,
feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame,
ere while to flaunt it in the face of day;
when, scorn'd of Virtue, stigmatiz'd by Fame,
low at my feet desponding Jessy lay.'

'Henry,' she said, 'by thy dear form subdu'd,
see the sad reliques of a nymph undone!
I find, I find this rising sob renew'd;
I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

Amid the dreary gloom of night I cry,
when will the morn's once pleasing scenes return?
yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
but foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn.

Alas! no more that joyous morn appears
that led the tranquil hours of spotless fame,
for I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
and ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
the sportive lambs increase my pensive moan:
all seem to chase me from the cheerful plain,
and talk of truth and innocence alone.

If through the garden's flowery tribes I stray,
where bloom the jasmines that could once allure,
'Hope not to find delight in us,' they say,
for we are spotless, Jessy; we are pure.'

Ye flowers! that well reproach a nymph so frail,
say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
the brightest bud that scents the vernal gale
was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler young,
and all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee;
trembles each lip, and faulters every tongue,
that bids the morn propitious smile on me.

Thus for your sake I shun each human eye,
I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu;
to die I languish, but I dread to die,
lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.

Raise me from earth; the pains of want remove,
and let me, silent, seek some friendly shore;
there only, banish'd from the form I love,
my weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

Be but my friend; I ask no dearer name;
be such the meed of some more artful fair;
nor could it heal my peace or chase my shame,
that Pity gave what Love refus'd to share.

Force not my tongue to ask it's scanty bread;
nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew;
not such the parent's board at which I fed!
not such the precepts from his lips I drew!

Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil;
Envy may slight a face no longer fair,
and Pity welcome to my native soil.'

She spoke—nor was I born of savage race,
nor could these hands a niggard boon assign;
grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,
and vow'd to waste her life in prayers for mine.

I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend,
I saw her breast with every passion heave;
I left her—torn from every earthly friend;
oh! my hard bosom! which could bear to leave!

Brief let me be; the fatal storm arose;
the billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain;
o'er the tall mast the circling surges close;
my Jessy—floats upon the watry plain!

And—see my youth's impetuous fires decay;
seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear;
but warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
from Jessy floating on her wat'ry bier!'

ODES.

ON A VISIT TO A LADY OF QUALITY.

In Winter, 1748.

On fair Asteria's blissful plains,
where ever-blooming Fancy reigns,
how pleas'd we pass the winter's day,
and charm the dull-ey'd Spleen away!

No linnet from the leafless bough
pours forth her notes melodious now,
but all admire Asteria's tongue,
nor wish the linnet's vernal song.

No flowers emit their transient rays:
yet sure Asteria's wit displays
more various tints, more glowing lines,
and with perennial beauty shines.

Tho' rifled groves and fetter'd streams
but ill befriend a poet's dreams,
Asteria's presence wakes the lyre,
and well supplies poetic fire.

The fields have lost their lovely dye,
no cheerful azure decks the sky,
yet still we bless the low'ring day;
Asteria smiles—and all is gay.

Hence let the Muse no more presume
to blame the winter's dreary gloom,
accuse his loitering hours no more,
but, ah! their envious haste deplore.

For soon from Wit and Friendship's reign,
the social hearth, the sprightly vein,
I go—to meet the coming year
on savage plains and deserts drear!

I go—to feed on pleasures flown,
nor find the spring my loss atone;
but 'mid the flowery sweets of May,
with pride recall this winter's day.

TO INDOLENCE.
1750.

Ah! why for ever on the wing
persists my wearied soul to roam?
why, ever cheated, strives to bring
or pleasure or contentment home?

Thus the poor bird that draws his name
from Paradise's honour'd groves,
careless fatigues his little frame,
nor finds the resting-place he loves.

Lo! on the rural mossy bed
my limbs with careless ease reclin'd;
ah, gentle Sloth! indulgent spread
the same soft bandage o'er my mind.

For why should lingering thought invade,
yet every worldly prospect cloy?
lend me, soft Sloth! thy friendly aid,
and give me peace debarr'd of joy.

Lov'st thou yon calm and silent flood,
that never ebbs, that never flows,
protected by the circling wood
from each tempestuous wind that blows?

An altar on it's bank shall rise,
where oft thy votary shall be found,
what time pale Autumn lulls the skies,
and sick'ning verdure fades around.

Ye busy race! ye factious train!
that haunt Ambition's guilty shrine,
no more perplex the world in vain,
but offer here your vows with mine.

And thou, puissant Queen! be kind;
if e'er I shar'd thy balmy power,
if e'er I sway'd my active mind
to weave for thee the rural bower;

dissolve in sleep each anxious care,
each unavailing sigh remove,
and only let me wake to share
the sweets of friendship and of love.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

somewhat too solicitous about her manner of expression.

Survey, my Fair! that lucid stream
adown the smiling valley stray;
would Art attempt, or Fancy dream,
to regulate it's winding way?

So pleas'd I view thy shining hair,
in loose dishevell'd ringlets flow;
not all thy art, not all thy care,
can there one single grace bestow.

Survey again that verdant hill,
with native plants enamell'd o'er;
say, can the painter's utmost skill
instruct one flower to please us more?

As vain it were with artful dye,
to change the bloom thy cheeks disclose;
and, oh! may Laura, ere she try,
with fresh vermillion paint the rose.

Hark how the woodlark's tuneful throat,
can every study'd grace excel;
let Art constrain the rambling note,
and will she, Laura, please so well?

Oh! ever keep thy native ease,
by no pedantic law confin'd;
for Laura's voice is form'd to please,
so Laura's words be not unkind.

THE DYING KID.

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
prima fugit—— *Virg.*

Imitation.

Ah! wretched mortals we!—our brightest days
on fleetest pinions fly.

A tear bedews my Delia's eye,
to think yon playful kid must die;
from chrystal spring and flowery mead
must in his prime of life recede!

Erewhile, in sportive circles round,
she saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound,
from rock to rock pursue his way,
and on the fearful margin play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
she saw him climb my rustic cell,
thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
and seem all ravish'd at the sight.

She tells with what delight he stood
to trace his features in the flood;

then skipp'd aloof with quaint amaze,
and then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager speed
he flew to hear my vocal reed;
and how with critic face profound
and stedfast ear devour'd the sound.

His every frolic light as air,
deserves the gentle Delia's care;
and tears bedew her tender eye,
to think the playful kid must die.

But knows my Delia, timely wise,
how soon this blameless era flies?
while violence and craft succeed,
unfair design, and ruthless deed?

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
and yield her purple gifts no more;
ah! soon eras'd from every grove
were Delia's name and Strephon's love.

No more those bowers might Strephon see,
where first he fondly gaz'd on thee;
no more those beds of flowerets find,
which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward passion soon would tear
his bosom, now so void of care;
and when they left his ebbing vein,
what but insipid age remain?

Then mourn not the decrees of Fate,
that gave his life so short a date;
and I will join thy tenderest sighs
to think that youth so swiftly flies!

SONGS.

I told my nymph, I told her true,
my fields were small, my flocks were few;
while falt'ring accents spoke my fear,
that Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
and vagrant sheep that left my fold,
of these she heard, yet bore to hear;
and is not Flavia then sincere?

How, chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
the friends I lov'd became unkind,
she heard, and shed a gen'rous tear;
and is not Flavia then sincere?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
my Flavia must not hope for dress;
this, too, she heard, and smil'd to hear;
and Flavia, sure, must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains!
go reap the plenty of your plains;
despoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love 's sincere.

THE LANDSCAPE.

How pleas'd within my native bowers
ere while I pass'd the day!
was ever scene so deck'd with flowers?
were ever flowers so gay?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
and all the landscape round!
the river gliding down the dale,
the hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes,
I speed to meet my dear,
that hill and stream my zeal oppose,
and check my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
their wonted charms I see;
that verdant hill and silver stream
divide my love and me.

THE SKYLARK.

Go, tuneful bird! that gladd'st the skies,
to Daphne's window speed thy way,
and there on quivering pinions rise,
and there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
and if she praise thy matin song,
tell her the sounds that sooth her ear,
to Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
the bird from Indian groves may shine;
but ask the lovely partial maid,
what are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witless beau,
and all his flaunting race, with scorn;
and lend an ear to Damon's woe,
who sings her praise and sings forlorn.

Ah! ego non aliter tristes evincere morbos
optarem, quam te sic quoque velle putem.
Imitation.
Why should I wish to banish sore disease,
unless returning health my Delia please?

On every tree, in every plain,
I trace the jovial spring in vain;
a sickly langour veils mine eyes,
and fast my waning vigour flies.

Nor flowery plain nor budding tree,
that smile on others, smile on me.
Mine eyes from death shall court repose,
nor shed a tear before they close.

What bliss to me can seasons bring?
or what the needless pride of spring?
The cypress bough, that suits the bier,
retains it's verdure all the year.

'T is true, my vine, so fresh and fair,
might claim a while my wonted care;
my rural store some pleasure yield,
so white a flock, so green a field!

My friends, that each in kindness vie,
might well expect one parting sigh;
might well demand one tender tear;
for when was Damon insincere?

But ere I ask once more to view
yon setting sun his race renew,
inform me swains! my friends! declare,
will pitying Delia join the prayer?

BALLADS.

A PASTORAL BALLAD,

in four parts.

Written in 1743.

Arbusta humilesque myricæ. *Virg.*

Explanation.

Groves and lowly shrubs.

I. ABSENCE.

Ye shepherds! so cheerful and gay,
whose flocks never carelessly roam,
should Corydon's happen to stray,
ah! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
nor talk of the change that ye find;
none once was so watchful as I:
—I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
with the torture of doubt and desire;
what it is to admire and to love,
and to leave her we love and admire.
Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
and the damps of each ev'ning repel;
alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine;
may I lose both my pipe and my crook
if I knew of a kid that was mine.

I priz'd every hour that went by
beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
but now they are past, and I sigh,
and I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain?
why wander thus pensively here?
oh! why did I come from the plain,
where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
they tell me my favourite maid,
the pride of that valley, is flown:
alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
what anguish I felt at my heart!
yet I thought—but it might not be so—
't was with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew;
my path I could hardly discern:
so sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
to visit some far-distant shrine,
if he bear but a relique away,
is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
soft hope is the relique I bear,
and my solace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
whose murmur invites one to sleep;

my grottos are shaded with trees,
and my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
such health do my fountains bestow;
my fountains all border'd with moss,
where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen
but with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
not a beech's more beautiful green
but a sweet-briar entwines it around:
not my fields, in the prime of the year,
more charms than my cattle unfold;
not a brook that is limpid and clear,
but it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
to the bower I have labour'd to rear;
not a shrub that I heard her admire,
but I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
with the lilac to render it gay!
already it calls for my love
to prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, & groves,
what strains of wild melody flow!
how the nightingales warble their loves
from thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
each bird shall harmoniously join
in a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
but let me that plunder forbear,

she will say, 't was a barbarous deed;
for he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
who could rob a poor bird of it's young;
and I lov'd her the more when I heard
such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
how that pity was due to—a dove;
that it ever attended the bold,
and she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
so much I her accents adore,
let her speak, and whatever she say,
methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
unmov'd when her Corydon sighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
these plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
soft scenes of contentment and ease!
where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
if aught in her absence could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?
and where are her grots and her bowers?
are the groves and the vallies as gay,
and the shepherds as gentle, as our's?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
and the face of the vallies as fine,
the swains may in manners compare,
but their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my passion reprove?
why term it a folly to grieve?
ere I shew you the charms of my love,
she is fairer than you can believe.
With her mein she enamours the brave,
with her wit she engages the free,
with her modesty pleases the grave;
she is every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
come and join in my amorous lays!
I could lay down my life for the swain,
that will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings may the nymphs of the town
come trooping, and listen the while;
nay, on him let not Phyllida frown,
—but I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how with one trivial glance
might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
and his crook is bestudded around;
and his pipe—Oh! may Phyllis beware
of a magic there is in the sound!

'T is his with mock passion to glow;
't is his in smooth tales to unfold
'How her face is as bright as the snow,
and her bosom, be sure, is as cold:
how the nightingales labour the strain,
with the notes of his charmer to vie;
how they vary their accents in vain,
repine at her triumphs and die.'

To the grove or the garden he strays,
and pillages every sweet,
then suiting the wreath to his lays,
he throws it at Phyllis's feet.
'O Phyllis!' he whispers, 'more fair,
more sweet than the jessamine's flower!
what are pinks in a morn to compare?
what is eglantine after a shower?

Then the lily no longer is white,
then the rose is depriv'd of it's bloom,
then the violets die with despight,
and the woodbines give up their perfume.'
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
and he fancies no shepherd his peer;
—yet I never should envy the song,
were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
so Phyllis the trophy despise;
let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
so they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
—yet may she beware of his art,
or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye shepherds! give ear to my lay,
and take no more heed of my sheep;
they have nothing to do but to stray,
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
she was fair—and my passion begun;
she smil'd and I could not but love;
she is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
perhaps it was plain to foresee
that a nymph so complete would be sought
by a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire,
it banishes wisdom the while,
and the lip of the nymph we admire
seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
ye that witness the woes I endure,
let reason instruct you to shun
what it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
amid nymphs of an higher degree;
it is not for me to explain
how fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
what hope of an end to my woes?
when I cannot endure to forget
the glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain:
the flower, and the shrub, and the tree,
which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
in time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
the sound of a murmuring stream,
the peace which from solitude flows,
henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shewn to the sight,
but we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow'd such delight
as I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods! spread your branches apace,
to your deepest recesses I fly,
I would hide with the beasts of the chase,
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
with the same sad complaint it begun;
how she smil'd, and I could not but love!
was faithless, and I am undone!

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH:

alluding to a story recorded of her, when she was prisoner at Woodstock, 1554.

Will you hear how once repining
great Eliza captive lay,
each ambitious thought resigning,
foe to riches, pomp and sway?

While the nymphs and swains delighted
tripp'd around in all their pride,
envying joys by others slighted,
thus the royal maiden cry'd:

'Bred on plains, or born in vallies,
who would bid those scenes adieu?
stranger to the art of malice,
who would ever courts pursue?

Malice never taught to treasure,
censure never taught to bear,
love is all the shepherd's pleasure,
love is all the damsel's care.

How can they of humble station
vainly blame the powers above?
or accuse the dispensation
which allows them all to love?

Love, like air, is widely given:
  Power nor Chance can these restrain;
truest, noblest gifts of Heaven!
  only purest on the plain!

Peers can no such charms discover,
  all in stars and garters drest,
as on Sundays does the lover
  with his nosegay on his breast.

Pinks and roses in profusion,
  said to fade when Cloe's near;
fops may use the same allusion,
  but the shepherd is sincere.

Hark to yonder milkmaid singing
  cheerly o'er the brimming pail,
cowslips all around her springing
  sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden
  move so sprightly, look so fair;
never breast with jewels laden
  pour a song so void of care.

Would indulgent Heaven had granted
  me some rural damsel's part!
all the empire I had wanted
  then had been my shepherd's heart.

Then with him o'er hills and mountains
  free from fetters might I rove;
fearless taste the chrystal fountains,
  peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

Rustics had been more forgiving,
  partial to my virgin bloom;
none had envy'd me when living,
  none had triumph'd o'er my tomb.'

NANCY OF THE VALE.

Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ!
candidior cygnis! hedera formosior alba!
Imitation.
O Galatea! Nereus' blooming child,
more sweet than thyme by Hybla's * bees exhal'd,
fairer than swains, more beauteous to behold
than ivy's purest white.

The western sky was purpled o'er
with every pleasing ray,
and flocks reviving felt no more
the sultry heats of day;

when from an hazle's artless bower
soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
he bless'd the scene, he bless'd the hour,
while Nancy's praise he sung.

'Let fops with fickle falsehood range
the paths of wanton love,
while weeping maids lament their change,
and sadden every grove;

but endless blessings crown the day
I saw fair Esham's dale!
and every blessing find it's way
to Nancy of the Vale.

'T was from Avona's banks the maid
diffus'd her lovely beams,
and every shining glance display'd
the naiad of the streams.

Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
that float on Avon's tide;

* Hybla, a mountain in Sicily, famous for producing the finest honey.

bright as the water-lily, sprung,
and glit'ring near it's side.

Fresh as the bord'ring flowers, her bloom;
her eye all mild to view;
the little halcyon's azure plume
was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
so taper, straight, and fair:
her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
how charming sweet they were!

Far in the winding vale retir'd,
this peerless bud I found,
and shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd
to fence her beauties round.

That Nature in so lone a dell
should form a nymph so sweet;
or Fortune to her secret cell
conduct my wandering feet!

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
but she would ne'er incline:
'Prove to your equals true,' she cry'd,
'as I will prove to mine.

'T is Strephon, on the mountain's brow,
has won my right good will,
to him I gave my plighted vow,
with him I 'll climb the hill.'

'Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I clasp'd the constant fair;
to her alone I gave my youth,
and vow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove,
or I those charms forego,

the stream that saw our tender love,
that stream shall cease to flow.'

JEMMY DAWSON.

Written about the time of his execution, in the year 1745.

This ballad of Jemmy Dawson is founded in truth, and was taken from the following narrative first published in a periodical work, entitled "The Parrot," Aug. 2, 1746; three days after the event. "A young lady of a good family and handsome fortune had for some time ardently loved and been equally beloved by Mr. James Dawson, one of those unhappy gentlemen who suffered on Wednesday last on Kensington common, for high treason; and had he been either acquitted, or after condemnation found the royal mercy, the day of his enlargement was to have been the day of their marriage. This notice will not be prolonged by details of what the lady suffered on sentence being passed on him; none, except those utterly incapable of soft or generous emotions, but will conceive her agonies; beside, the sad catastrophe will sufficiently prove the sincerity of their attachment. No persuasions could prevent her from attending the place of execution; she was determined to witness the final conduct of a person who was dear to her. She accordingly followed the sledges in a coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female associate. She advanced near enough to see the fire kindled which was to consume that heart which she knew was devoted to her. She beheld every other dreadful preparation of inhumanity without betraying any of those extravagances which her companion had apprehended. But when she found her beloved friend was no more, she drew her head into the coach, and exclaimed, "My dear I follow thee! I follow thee! Jesus, receive our souls together!" fell on the neck of her companion, and expired instantly." This account appeared also in the "Whitehall Evening Post," with this addition, "that enquiries had been made, and every circumstance found literally true."

Come listen to my mournful tale,
ye tender hearts and lovers dear!
nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty! peerless maid!
do thou a pensive ear incline,
for thou canst weep at every woe,
and pity every plaint—but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
a brighter never trod the plain,
and well he lov'd one charming maid,
and dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, she lov'd him dear;
of gentle blood the damsel came;
and faultless was her beauteous form,
and spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
that led the favour'd youth astray,
the day the rebel clans appear'd;
O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
and in the fatal dress was found;
and now he must that death endure,
which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
when Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
for never yet did Alpine snows
so pale, or yet so chill, appear.

With falt'ring voice she, weeping, said,
'Oh Dawson! monarch of my heart!
think not thy death shall end our loves,
for thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
and bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
O George! without a prayer for thee
my orisons should never close.

The gracious prince that gave him life
would crown a never-dying flame,
and every tender babe I bore,
should learn to lisp the giver's name.

But tho' he should be dragg'd in scorn
to yonder ignominious tree,
he shall not want one constant friend,
to share the cruel Fate's decree.'

O! then her mourning-coach was call'd;
the sledge mov'd slowly on before:
tho' borne in a triumphal car,
she had not lov'd her favourite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
the terrible behests of law,
and the last scene of Jemmy's woes
with calm and steadfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face
which she had fondly lov'd so long,
and stifled was that tuneful breath
which in her praise had sweetly sung:

and sever'd was that beauteous neck
round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
and mangled was that beauteous breast,
on which her love-sick head repos'd:

and ravish'd was that constant heart
she did to every heart prefer:
for tho' it could it's king forget,
't was true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
she bore his constant heart to see;
but when 't was moulder'd into dust,
'Yet, yet,' she cry'd, 'I follow thee.

My death, my death alone can shew
the pure and lasting love I bore:
accept, O Heaven! of woes like our's,
and let us, let us weep no more.'

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
the lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
the maid drew back her languid head,
and, sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,
the tear my Kitty sheds is due;
for seldom shall she hear a tale
so sad, so tender, yet so true.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ON CERTAIN PASTORALS.

So rude and tuneless are thy lays,
the weary audience vow,
't is not th' Arcadian swain that sings,
but 't is his herds that low.

THE EXTENT OF COOKERY.

Aliusque et idem.

Explanation.

Another and the same.

When Tom to Cambridge first was sent,
a plain brown bob he wore,
read much, and look'd as tho' he meant
to be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's-Inn repair,
his resolution flag,

he cherishes a length of hair,
and tucks it in a bag:

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
but gets into the House,
and soon a judge's rank rewards
his pliant votes and bows.

Adieu, ye Bobs! ye Bags, give place!
full-bottoms come instead;
good Lord! to see the various ways
of dressing a calf's head!

THE PRICE OF AN EQUIPAGE.

Servum si potes, Ole, non habere,
et regem potes, Ole, non habere. *Mart.*

"If thou from Fortune dost no servant crave,
believe me, thou no master need'st to have."

I ask'd a friend amidst the throng,
whose coach it was that trail'd along?
'The gilded coach there,—don't ye mind?
that with the footmen stuck behind.'
'O sir!' says he, 'what ha' n't you seen it?
t is Damon's coach, and Damon in it.
'T is odd, methinks, you have forgot
your friend, your neighbour, and—what not!
your old acquaintance, Damon!'—'True;
but 'faith his equipage is new.'
'Bless me!' said I, 'where can it end?
what madness has possess'd my friend?
four powder'd slaves and those the tallest,
their stomachs, doubtless, not the smallest!
can Damon's revenue maintain,
in lace and food so large a train?

I know his land—each inch o' ground—
't is not a mile to walk it round—
if Damon's whole estate can bear
to keep his lad and one horse chair,
I own 't is past my comprehension.'
'Yes, sir'; but Damon has a pension.'—
Thus does a false ambition rule us,
thus pomp delude and folly fool us;
to keep a race of flickering knaves,
he grows himself the worst of slaves.

HINT FROM VOITURE.

Let Sol his annual journies run,
and when the radiant task is done,
confess through all the globe, 't would pose him
to match the charms that Celia shows him.

And should he boast he once had seen
as just a form, as bright a mien,
yet must it still for ever pose him
to match—what Celia never shows him.

THE CHARMS OF PRECEDENCE.

A Tale.

'Sir, will you please to walk before?'
'No, pray sir,—you are next the door.'
'—Upon mine honour I 'll not stir.—'
'Sir, I 'm at home; consider, sir. '
'Excuse me, sir; I 'll not go first.'
'Well, if I must be rude, I must—
but yet I wish I could evade it—
't is strangely clownish, be persuaded.'

Go forward, cits! go forward, squires!
nor scruple each what each admires.
Life squares not, friends! with your proceeding,
it flies while you display your breeding;
such breeding as one's granam preaches,
or some old dancing-master teaches.
O for some rude tumultuous fellow,
half crazy, or, at least, half mellow,
to come behind you unawares,
and fairly push you both down stairs!
But Death's at hand—let me advise ye,
go forward, friends! or he'll surprise ye.
Besides how insincere you are!
do ye not flatter, lie, forswear,
and daily cheat, and weekly pray,
and all for this—to lead the way?

WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY.

To thee, fair freedom! I retire
from flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
nor art thou found in mansions higher
than the low cot, or humble inn.

'T is here with boundless power I reign;
and every health which I begin,
converts dull port to bright champaigne;
such freedom crowns it, at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
I fly from falsehood's specious grin;
freedom I love, and form I hate,
and choose my lodging at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
which lacqueys else might hope to win;

it buys, what courts have not in store;
it buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
where'er his stages may have been,
may sigh to think he still has found
the warmest welcome at an inn.

TO MEMORY. 1748.

O memory! celestial maid!
who glean'st the flowerets cropt by time;
and suffering not a leaf to fade,
preserv'st the blossoms of our prime;
bring, bring those moments to my mind
when life was new, and Lesbia kind.

And bring that garland to my sight,
with which my favour'd crook she bound;
and bring that wreath of roses bright
which then my festive temples crown'd;
and to my raptur'd ear convey
the gentle things she deign'd to say.

And sketch with care the muse's bower,
where Isis rolls her silver tide;
nor yet omit one reed or flower
that shines on Cherwell's verdant side;
if so thou may'st those hours prolong,
when polish'd Lycon join'd my song.

The song it 'vails not to recite—
but sure, to sooth our youthful dreams,
those banks and streams appear'd more bright
than other banks, than other streams:
or, by thy softening pencil shown,
assume thy beauties not their own?

And paint that sweetly vacant scene,
when, all beneath the poplar bough,
my spirits light, my soul serene,
I breath'd in verse one cordial vow:
that nothing should my soul inspire,
but friendship warm, and love entire.

Dull to the sense of new delight,
on thee the drooping muse attends;
as some fond lover, robb'd of sight,
on thy expressive power depends;
nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
to live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chase those vows away
which at ambition's shrine I made;
nor ever let thy skill display
those anxious moments, ill repaid:
oh! from my breast that season raze,
and bring my childhood in it's place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
and bring the hobby I bestrode;
when, pleas'd in many a sportive ring,
around the room I jovial rode:
ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,
and bring the whistle that I blew.

Then will I muse, and pensive say,
why did not these enjoyments last;
how sweetly wasted I the day,
while innocence allow'd to waste!
ambition's toils alike are vain,
but ah! for pleasure yield us pain.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

IN IMITATION OF SPENCER.

Anditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo. *Virg.*

Imitation.

And mingled sounds and infant plaints we hear,
that pierce the entrance shrill, and wound the tender ear.

ADVERTISEMENT.

What particulars in Spencer were imagined most proper for the author's imitation, on this occasion, are his language, his simplicity, his manner of description, and a peculiar tenderness of sentiment remarkable throughout his works.

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
to think how modest worth neglected lies;
while partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise,
deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprize;
lend me thy clarion, Goddess! let me try
to sound the praise of Merit ere it dies,
such as I oft have chaunced to espy
lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In ev'ry village mark'd with little spire,
embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
there dwells in lowly shed and mean attire,
a matron old, whom we Schoolmistress name,
who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
they grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame;
and oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
for unkempt hair, or task unconn'd are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
which Learning near her little dome did stowe,
whilom a twig of small regard to see,

tho' now so wide it's waving branches flow,
and work the simple vassals mickle woe:
for not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
but their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low;
and as they look'd they found their horror grew,
and shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
a lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd,
so doth it wanton birds of peace bereave
of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast:
they start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
may no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
on which the tribe their gamboles do display,
and at the door imprisoning board is seen,
lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
the noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
do Learning's little tenement betray;
where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
and eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snowe,
emblem right meet of decency does yield;
her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
as is the harebell that adorns the field;
and in her hand, for sceptre she does wield
tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwin'd,
with dark distrust and sad repentance fill'd;
and stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
and fury uncontroul'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,
the childish faces of old Æol's train,
Libs, Notus, Auster*; these in frowns array'd,
how then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
were the stern god to give his slaves the reign?
and were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
and were not she her statues to maintain,
the cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell
where comely Peace of Mind and decent Order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
a russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
't was simple russet, but it was her own;
't was her own country bred the flock so fair;
't was her own labour did the fleece prepare;
and sooth to say, her pupils rang'd around,
through pious awe, did term it passing rare,
for they in gaping wonderment abound, [ground.
and think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
goody, good-woman, gossip, n' aunt forsooth,
or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear;
ne would esteem him act as mought behove
who should not honour'd eld with these revere;
for never title yet so mean could prove,
but there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
the plodding pattern of the busy dame,
which ever and anon, impell'd by need,
into her school begirt with chickens, came;
such favour did her past deportment claim;

* The south-west wind, south, &c. &c.

and if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
for well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
what sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak,
that in her garden sipp'd the silvery dew,
where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak,
but herbs for use and physic, not a few,
of grey renown, within those borders grew;
the tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue,
the lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
and more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
that gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
and pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;
and plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound;
and marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posie found;
and lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
shall be ere-while, in arid bundles bound,
to lurk amidst the labours of her loom, [fume.
and crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare per-

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
the daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
ere, driven from it's envy'd site, it found
a sacred shelter for it's branches here,
where edg'd with gold it's glitt'ring skirts appear.
Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!
ere this was banish'd from it's lofty sphere;
simplicity then sought this humble cell, [dwell.
nor ever would she more with thane and lordling

Here oft' the dame, on sabbath's decent eve,
hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;
if winter 't were, she to her hearth did cleave,

but in her garden found a summer-seat:
sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
how Israel's sons beneath a foreign king,
while taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
all for the nonce, untuning every string, [sing.
uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
and pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
and in those elfins' ears would oft' deplore
the times when Truth by Popish rage did bleed,
and tortious death was true Devotion's meed;
and simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
that nould on wooden image place her creed;
and lawny saints in smould'ring flames did burn: [turn.
ah! dearest Lord! forefend thilk days should e'er re-

In eldow chair, like that of Scotish stem
by the sharp tooth of cankering eld defac'd,
in which, when he receives his diadem,
our sov'reign prince and liefest liege is plac'd,
the matron sate; and some with rank she grac'd,
(the source of children's and of courtier's pride!)
redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd,
and warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
but love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
to thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise,
some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
and some entice with pittance small of praise;
and other some with baleful sprig she frays:
ev'n absent, she the reigns of pow'r doth hold,
while with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
't will whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo! now with state she utters the command!
eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair,
their books, of stature small, they take in hand,
which with pellucid horn secured are,
to save from finger wet the letters fair;
the work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St. George's high atchievements does declare,
on which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
kens the forthcoming rod, unpleasing sight I ween!

Ah! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!
as erst the bard * by Mulla's silver stream,
oft' as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
to loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!
and down they drop, appears his dainty skin,
fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthful scene! when from a nook obscure
his little sister doth his peril see;
all playful as she sate she grows demure,
she finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
she meditates a pray'r to set him free:
nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
(if gentle pardon could with dames agree)
to her sad grief that swells in either eye,
and wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command,
and hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
to rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
to stay harsh justice in it's mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear!

* Spenser.

(ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
she sees no kind domestic visage near,
and soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
and gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
or what device his loud laments explain?
the form uncouth of his disguised face?
the pallid hue that dyes his locks amain?
the plenteous shower that does his cheek distain?
when he in abject wise implores the dame,
ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain,
or when from high she levels well her aim, (claim.
& through the thatch his cries each falling stroke pro-

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay
attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care;
by turns, astony'd, every twig survey,
and from their fellows' hateful wounds beware;
knowing, I wist, how each the same may share;
till fear has taught them a performance meet,
and to the well-known chest the dame repair,
whence oft' with sugar'd cates she doth them greet,
and gingerbread y-rare, now, certes, doubly sweet!

See to their seats they hye with merry glee,
and in beseemly order sitten there,
all but the wight of bum y-galled, he
abhorreth bench, and stool, and fourm, and chair
(this hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair;)
and eke with sobs profound, and heaving breast,
convulsions intermitting, does declare
his grievous wrong, his dame's unjust behest,
and scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,
his blooming face that seems a purple flower,

which low to earth it's drooping head declines,
all smear'd and sully'd by a vernal shower.
O the hard bosoms of despotic power;
all, all, but she, the author of his shame,
all, all, but she, regret this mournful hour;
yet hence the youths and hence the flower, shall claim,
if so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
ne for his fellows, joyaunce careth aught,
but to the wind all merriment resigns,
and deems it shame if he to peace inclines;
and many a sullen look askaunce is sent,
which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
and still the more to pleasure him she 's bent,
the more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past resent.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
but if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
beware, ye dames; with nice discernment see,
ye quench not, too, the sparks of nobler fires;
ah! better far than all the Muse's lyres,
all coward arts, is valour's gen'rous heat;
the firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,
like Vernon's patriot soul; more justly great
than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit.

Yet, nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show
a little bench of heedless bishops here,
and there a chancellor in embryo,
or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
as Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall die!
tho' now he crawl along the ground so low,
nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
wisheth, poor starvling elf! his paper kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who, censuring the design,
low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
shall Dennis be! if rigid Fate incline,
and many an epic to his rage shall yield,
and many a poet quit th' Aonian field;
and, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
as he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd
surveys mine work, and levels many a sneer, [here!'
and furls his wrinkly front, and cries, 'What stuff is

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle skie,
and Liberty unbars her prison-door,
and like a rushing torrent, out they fly,
and now the grassy cirque had cover'd o'er
with boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar;
a thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heaven shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore!
for well may freedom, erst so dearly won,
appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
and chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers,
for when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
for never may ye taste more careless hours
in knightly castles or in ladies' bowers.
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing;
but most in courts, where proud ambition towers;
deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each spright some various bent appear!
these rudely carol most incondite lay;
those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer
salute the stranger passing on his way;
some builden fragile tenements of clay;
some to the standing lake their courses bend,

with pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play;
thilk to the huxter's savory cottage tend,
in pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
each season's stores in order ranged been;
apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
galling full sore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen;
and gooseb'rie, clad in liv'ry red or green;
and here of lovely dye the Cath'rine pear,
fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween;
O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
with thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,
scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,
with pamper'd look draw little eyes aside,
and must be bought, tho' penury betide;
the plum all azure, and the nut all brown,
and here, each season, do those cakes abide,
whose honour'd names* th' inventive city own,
rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd,
her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
ah! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave
whose art did first these dulcet cates display!
a motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray,
till Reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

*Shrewsbury cakes.

THE JUDGMENT OF HERCULES.

While blooming Spring descends from genial skies,
by whose mild influence instant wonders rise,
from whose soft breath Elysian beauties flow;
the sweets of Hagley, or the pride of Stowe,
will Lyttelton the rural landscape range,
leave noisy fame, and not regret the change?
pleas'd will he tread the garden's early scenes,
and learn a moral from the rising greens?
there warm'd alike by Sol's enliv'ning pow'r,
the weed, aspiring, emulates the flow'r;
the drooping flow'r it's fairer charms display'd,
invites from grateful hands their generous aid;
soon, if none check th' invasive foe's designs,
the lively lustre of these scenes declines!

'T is thus the spring of youth, the morn of life,
reers in our minds the rival seeds of strife:
then passion riots, reason then contends,
and on the conquest ev'ry bliss depends:
life from the nice decision takes it's hue,
and blest those judges who decide like you!
on worth like their's shall ev'ry bliss attend,
the world their fav'rite, and the world their friend.

There are who, blind to thought's fatiguing ray,
as fortune gives examples urge their way;
nor virtue's foes, tho' they her paths decline,
and scarce her friends, tho' with her friends they join;
in her's or vice's casual road advance,
thoughtless, the sinners or the saints of Chance!
yet some more nobly scorn the vulgar voice,
with judgment fix, with zeal pursue their choice,

when ripen'd thought, when reason born to reign,
check the wild tumults of the youthful vein;
while passion's lawless tides at their command,
glide through more useful tracts, and bless the land.

Happiest of these is he whose matchless mind,
by learning strengthen'd, and by taste refin'd,
in virtue's cause essay'd it's earliest pow'rs, [flow'rs:
chose virtue's paths, and strew'd her paths with
the first alarm'd, if Freedom waves her wings,
the fittest to adorn each art she brings;
lov'd by that prince whom every virtue fires,
prais'd by that bard whom ev'ry muse inspires;
bless'd in the tuneful art, the social flame;
in all that wins, in all that merits fame:

'T was youth's perplexing stage his doubts inspir'd,
when great Alcides to a grove retir'd.
Through the lone windings of a devious glade,
resign'd to thought, with ling'ring steps he stray'd;
blest with a mind to taste sincerer joys,
arm'd with a heart each false one to despise.
Dubious he stray'd with wavering thoughts possest,
alternate passions struggling shar'd his breast;
the various arts which human cares divide,
in deep attention all his mind employ'd;
anxious, if fame an equal bliss secur'd,
or silent ease with softer charms allur'd.
The sylvan choir, whose numbers sweetly flow'd,
the fount that murmur'd, and the flow'rs that blow'd;
the silver flood that in meanders led
his glitt'ring streams along th' enliven'd mead,
the soothing breeze, and all those beauties join'd,
which, whilst they please, effeminate the mind;
in vain! while distant, on a summit rais'd,
th' imperial tow'rs of fame attractive blaz'd.

While thus he trac'd thro' Fancy's puzzling maze
the separate sweets of pleasure and of praise,
sudden the wind a fragrant gale convey'd,
and a new lustre gain'd upon the shade:
at once before his wond'ring eyes were seen
two female forms of more than mortal mien;
various their charms, and in their dress and face
each seem'd to vie with some peculiar grace.
This, whose attire less clogg'd with art appear'd,
the simple sweets of innocence endear'd:
her sprightly bloom, her quick sagacious eye,
shew'd native merit mix'd with modesty:
her air diffus'd a mild yet awful ray,
severely sweet, and innocently gay.
Such the chaste image of the martial maid,
in artless folds of virgin white array'd!
she let no borrow'd rose her cheeks adorn,
her blushing cheeks, that sham'd the purple morn.
Her charms nor had nor wanted artful foils,
or study'd gestures, or well practis'd smiles;
she scorn'd the toys which render beauty less;
she prov'd th' engaging chastity of dress;
and while she chose in native charms to shine,
ev'n thus she seem'd, nay, more than seem'd divine.
One modest emerald clasp'd the robe she wore,
and in her hand th' imperial sword she bore.
Sublime her height, majestic was her pace,
and match'd th' awful honours of her face.
The shrubs, the flow'rs, that deck'd the verdant ground,
seem'd, where she trod, with rising lustre crown'd;
still her approach with stronger influence warm'd;
she pleas'd while distant, but when near she charm'd.
So strikes the gazer's eye the silver gleam
that glitt'ring quivers o'er a distant stream;

but from it' banks we see new beauties rise,
and in it's crystal bosom trace the skies.
With other charms the rival vision glow'd
and from her dress her tinsel beauties flow'd.
A flutt'ring robe her pamper'd shape conceal'd,
and seem'd to shade the charms it best reveal'd:
it's form contriv'd her faulty size to grace,
it's hue to give fresh lustre to her face.
Her plaited hair, disguis'd, with brilliants glar'd;
her cheeks the ruby's neighb'ring lustre shar'd;
the gaudy topaz lent it's gay supplies,
and ev'ry gem that strikes less curious eyes;
expos'd her breast, with foreign sweets perfum'd,
and round her brow a roseate garland bloom'd.
Soft smiling blushing lips conceal'd her wiles;
yet, ah! the blushes artful as the smiles.
Oft gazing on her shade, th' enraptur'd fair
decreed the substance well deserv'd her care;
her thoughts, to other charms malignly blind,
center'd in that, and were to that confin'd;
and if on others' eyes a glance were thrown,
't was but to watch the influence of her own:
much like her guardian, fair Cythera's queen,
when for her warrior she refines her mien:
or when to bless her Delian fav'rite's arms,
the radiant fair invigorates her charms:
much like her pupil, Egypt's sportive dame,
her dress expressive, and her air the same,
when her gay bark o'er silver Cydnos roll'd,
and all th' emblazon'd streamers wav'd in gold.
Such shone the vision, nor forbore to move
the fond contagious airs of lawless love.
Each wanton eye deluding glances fir'd,
and amorous dimples on each cheek conspir'd.

Lifeless her gait, and slow; with seeming pain
she dragg'd her loitering limbs along the plain, [swain.
yet made some faint efforts and first approach'd the
So glaring draughts, with tawdry lustre bright,
spring to the view, and rush upon the sight;
more slowly charms a Raphael's chaster air,
waits the calm search, and pays the searcher's care.

Wrapp'd in a pleas'd suspense, the youth survey'd
the various charms of each attractive maid:
alternate each he view'd, and each admir'd,
and found, alternate, varying flames inspir'd.
Quick o'er their forms his eyes with pleasure ran,
when she who first approach'd him, first began:

'Hither, dear boy! direct thy wand'ring eyes:
't is here the lovely vale of Pleasure lies:
debate no more, to me thy life resign;
each sweet which nature can diffuse is mine:
for me the nymph diversifies her power,
springs in a tree, or blossoms in a flower;
to please my ear she tunes the linnet's strains;
to please my eye with lilies paints the plains;
to form my couch in mossy beds she grows;
to gratify my smell perfumes the rose;
reveals the fair, the fertile scene you see,
and swells the vegetable world for me.
Let the gull'd fool the toils of war pursue,
where bleed the many to enrich the few;
where Chance from Courage claims the boasted prize;
where, tho' she give, your country oft' denies.
Industrious thou shalt Cupid's wars maintain,
and ever gently fight his soft campaign;
his darts alone shalt wield, his wounds endure,
yet only suffer to enjoy the cure.

Yield but to me—a choir of nymphs shall rise
and fire thy breast, and bless thy ravish'd eyes;
their beauteous cheeks a fairer rose shall wear,
a brighter lily on their necks appear;
where fondly thou thy favour'd head shalt rest,
soft as the down that swells the cygnet's nest;
while Philomel in each soft voice complains,
and gently lulls thee with mellifluous strains;
whilst with each accent sweetest odours flow,
and spicy gums round ev'ry bosom glow.
Not the fam'd bird Arabian climes admire,
shall in such luxury of sweets expire.
At sloth let war's victorious sons exclaim,
in vain! for Pleasure is my real name:
nor envy thou the head with bays o'ergrown;
no, seek thou roses to adorn thy own;
for well each opening scene that claims my care,
suits and deserves the beauteous crown I wear.

'Let others prune the vine; the genial bowl
shall crown thy table and enlarge thy soul.
Let vulgar hands explore the brilliant mine,
so the gay produce glitter still on thine.
Indulgent Bacchus loads his lab'ring tree,
and, guarding, gives it's clust'ring sweets to me.
For my lov'd train Apollo's piercing beam
darts through the passive glebe, and frames the gem.
See in my cause consenting gods employ'd,
nor slight those gods, their blessings unenjoy'd.
For thee the poplar shall it's amber drain;
for thee in clouded beauty spring the cane;
some costly tribute ev'ry clime shall pay,
some charming treasure ev'ry wind convey;
each object round some pleasing scene shall yield,
art build thy dome, while nature decks thy field;

of Corinth's order shall the structure rise,
the spiring turrets glitter through the skies;
thy costly robe shall glow with Tyrian rays,
thy vase shall sparkle, and thy car shall blaze;
yet thou, whatever pomp the sun display,
shalt own the amorous night exceeds the day.

'When melting flutes and sweetly-sounding lyres
wake the gay loves, and cite the young desires;
or in th' Aonian dance, some fav'rite maid
improves the flame her sparkling eyes convey'd;
think, canst thou quit a glowing Delia's arms,
to feed on Virtue's visionary charms;
or slight the joys which wit and youth engage,
for the faint honour of a frozen sage?
to find dull Envy ev'n that hope deface,
and, where you toil'd for glory, reap disgrace?

'O! think that beauty waits on thy decree,
and thy lov'd lovliest charmer pleads with me;
she whose soft smile or gentler glance to move,
you vow'd the wild extremities of love;
in whose endearments years like moments flew;
for whose endearments millions seem'd too few:
she, she implores; she bids thee seize the prime,
and tread with her the flowery tract of time;
nor thus her lovely bloom of life bestow
on some cold lover or insulting foe.
Think, if against that tongue thou canst rebel,
where love yet dwelt, and reason seem'd to dwell,
what strong persuasion arms her softer sighs!
what full conviction sparkles in her eyes!

'See nature smiles, and birds salute the shade,
where breathing jasmine screens the sleeping maid;
and such her charms as to the vain may prove,
ambition seeks more humble joys than love!

There busy toil shall ne'er invade thy reign,
nor sciences perplex thy labouring brain;
or none but what with equal sweets invite,
nor other arts but to prolong delight:
sometimes thy fancy prunes her tender wing,
to praise a pendant, or to grace a ring;
to fix the dress that suits each varying mein;
to shew where best the clust'ring gems are seen;
to sigh soft strains along the vocal grove,
and tell the charms, the sweet effects of love!
nor fear to find a coy disdainful muse,
nor think the sisters will their aid refuse:
cool grots, and tinkling rills, or silent shades,
soft scenes of leisure suit the harmonious maids;
and all the wise, and all the grave agree,
some of that sacred train ally'd to me.

'But if more specious ease thy wishes claim,
and thy breast glow with faint desire of fame,
some softer science shall thy thoughts amuse,
and learning's name a solemn sound diffuse.
To thee all nature's curious stores I'll bring,
explain the beauties of an insect's wing;
the plant which Nature, less diffusely kind,
has to few climes with partial care confin'd;
the shell she scatters with more careless air,
and in her frolics seems supremely fair;
the worth that dazzles in the tulip's strain,
or lurks beneath a pebble's various veins.

Sleep's downy god, averse to war's alarms,
shall o'er thy head diffuse his softest charms,
ere anxious thought thy dear repose assail,
or care, my most destructive foe, prevail.
The wat'ry nymphs shall tune the vocal vales
and gentle zephyrs harmonize their gales,

for thy repose inform, with rival joy,
their streams to murmur and their winds to sigh.
Thus shalt thou spend the sweetly-flowing day,
till, lost in bliss, thou breath'st thy soul away;
till she t' Elysian bow'rs of joy repair,
nor find my charming scenes exceeded there.'

She ceas'd, and on a lily'd bank reclin'd,
her flowing robe wav'd wanton with the wind;
one tender hand her drooping head sustains,
one points expressive to the flowery plains.
Soon the fond youth perceiv'd her influence roll
deep in his breast to melt his manly soul.
As when Favonius joins the solar blaze,
and each fair fabric of the frost decays;
soon to his breast the soft harangue convey'd
resolves too partial to the specious maid.
He sigh'd, he gaz'd, so sweetly smil'd the dame;
yet sighing, gazing, seem'd to scorn his flame;
and oft' as Virtue caught his wandering eye,
a crimson blush condemn'd the rising sigh.
'T was such the ling'ring Trojan's shame betray'd,
when Maia's son the frown of Jove display'd:
when wealth, fame, empire, could no balance prove
for the soft reign of Dido and of love.
Thus ill with arduous glory love conspires;
soft tender flames with bold impetuous fires!

Some hov'ring doubts his anxious bosom mov'd,
and Virtue, zealous fair! those doubts improv'd.
'Fly, fly, fond youth! the too indulgent maid,
nor err, by such fantastic scenes betray'd.
Tho' in my path the rugged thorn be seen,
and the dry turf disclose a fainter green;
tho' no gay rose or flowery product shine,
the barren surface still conceals the mine.

Each thorn that threatens, ev'n the weed that grows
in Virtue's path, superior sweets bestows.-
Yet should those boasted specious toys allure,
whence could fond sloth the flatt'ring gifts procure?
the various wealth that tempts thy fond desire,
'tis I alone, her greatest foe, acquire.
I from old ocean rob the treasur'd store;
I through each region latent gems explore:
'twas I the rugged brilliant first reveal'd,
by num'rous strata deep in earth conceal'd,
'tis I the surface yet refine, and shew
the modest gem's intrinsic charms to glow;
nor swells the grape, nor spires it's feeble tree,
without the firm supports of industry.

'But grant we Sloth the scene herself has drawn,
the mossy grotto and the flow'ry lawn,
let Philomela tune th' harmonious gale,
and with each breeze eternal sweets exhale;
let gay Pomona slight the plains around,
and chuse, for fairest fruits, the favour'd ground;
to bless the fertile vale should Virtue cease,
nor mossy grots nor flow'ry lawns could please;
nor gay Pomona's luscious gifts avail,
the sound harmonious or the spicy gale.

'Seest thou yon' rock in dreadful pomp arise,
whose rugged cliffs deform th' encircling skies?
those fields, whence Phœbus all their moisture drains,
and, too profusely fond, disrobes the plains?
when I vouchsafe to tread the barren soil,
those rocks seem lovely, and those deserts smile:
the form thou view'st, to ev'ry scene with ease
transfers it's charms, and ev'ry scene can please.
When I have on those pathless wilds appear'd,
and the lone wanderer with my presence cheer'd,

those cliffs the exile has with pleasure view'd,
and call'd that desert blissful solitude!

'Nor I alone to such extend my care,
fair-blooming Health surveys her altars there;
brown Exercise will lead thee where she reigns,
and with reflected lustre gild the plains.
With her in flower of youth and beauty's pride,
her offspring, calm Content and Peace, reside;
one ready offering suits each neighb'ring shrine,
and all obey their laws who practise mine.

'But Health averse from Sloth's smooth region flies,
and in her absence Pleasure droops and dies;
her bright companions, Mirth, Delight, Repose,
smile where she smiles, and sicken when she goes:
a galaxy of powers! whose forms appear
for ever beauteous, and for ever near.

'Nor will soft Sleep to Sloth's request incline,
he from her couches flies unbid to mine.
Vain is the sparkling bowl, the warbling strain,
th' incentive song, the labour'd viand vain!
where she, relentless, reigns without control,
and checks each gay excursion of the soul;
unmov'd tho' Beauty, deck'd in all it's charms,
grace the rich couch, and spread the softest arms;
till joyless Indolence suggests desires,
or drugs are sought to furnish languid fires;
such languid fires as on the vitals prey,
barren of bliss, but fertile of decay;
as artful heats, apply'd to thirsty lands,
produce no flowers, and but debase the sands.

'But let fair Health her cheering smiles impart,
how sweet is Nature! how superfluous Art!
'T is she the fountain's ready draught commends,
and smooths the flinty couch which Fortune lends;

and when my hero from his toils retires,
fills his gay bosom with unusual fires;
and while no check th' unbounded joy reprove,
aids and refines the genuine sweets of love.
His fairest prospect rising trophies frame,
his sweetest music is the voice of Fame;
pleasures to Sloth unknown! she never found
how fair the prospect, or how sweet the sound.

'See Fame's gay structure from yon' summit charms,
and fires the manly breast to arts or arms;
nor dread the steep ascent by which you rise,
from grovelling vales to towers which reach the skies.

'Love, fame, esteem, 't is labour must acquire,
the smiling offspring of a rigid sire!
To fix the friend your service must be shown;
all ere they lov'd your merit lov'd their own.
That wondering Greece your portrait may admire,
that tuneful bards may string for you their lyre,
that books may praise, or coins record your name,
such, such rewards 't is toil alone can claim!
and the same column which displays to view
the conqueror's name, displays the conquest too.

''T was slow Experience, tedious mistress! taught
all that e'er nobly spoke or bravely fought:
't was she the patriot, she the bard refin'd,
in arts that serve, protect, or please, mankind.
Not the vain visions of inactive schools,
not Fancy's maxims, not Opinion's rules,
e'er form'd the man whose gen'rous warmth extends
t' enrich his country, or to serve his friends.
On active worth the laurel War bestows;
Peace rears her olive for industrious brows;
nor earth, uncultur'd, yields it's kind supplies,
nor heav'n it's show'rs, without a sacrifice.

" See far below such grovelling scenes of shame
as lull to rest Ignavia's slumbering dame:
her friends, from all the toils of Fame secure,
alas! inglorious, greater toils endure;
doom'd all to mourn who in her cause engage,
a youth enervate, and a painful age;
a sickly sapless mass, if reason flies;
and if she linger, impotently wise!
a thoughtless train, who, pamper'd, sleek, and gay,
invite old age, and revel youth away;
from life's fresh vigour move the load of care,
and idly place it where they least can bear.
When to the mind, diseas'd, for aid they fly,
what kind reflexion shall the mind supply?
when with lost health, what should the loss allay,
peace, peace is lost; a comfortless decay!
but to my friends, when youth, when pleasure flies,
and earth's dim beauties fade before their eyes,
through death's dark vista flowery tracts are seen,
Elysian plains, and groves for ever green.
If o'er their lives a refluent glance they cast,
their's is the present who can praise the past:
life has it's bliss for these when past it's bloom,
as wither'd roses yield a late perfume.

' Serene, and safe from passion's stormy rage,
how calm they glide into the port of age!
of the rude voyage less depriv'd than eas'd;
more tir'd than pain'd, and weaken'd than diseas'd:
for health on age 't is temperance must bestow,
and peace from piety alone can flow;
and all the incense bounteous Jove requires,
has sweets for him who feeds the sacred fires.

' Sloth views the towers of Fame with envious eyes
desirous still, still impotent to rise.

Oft' when resolv'd to gain those blissful towers,
the pensive queen the dire ascent explores,
comes onward, wafted by the balmly trees,
some sylvan music or some scented breeze;
she turns her head, her own gay realm she spies,
and all the short-liv'd resolution dies.
Thus some fond insect's falt'ring pinions wave,
clasp'd in it's fav'rite sweets, a lasting slave;
and thus in vain these charming visions please
the wretch of glory and the slave of ease;
doom'd ever in ignoble state to pine,
boast her own scenes and languish after mine.

'But shun her snares; nor let the world exclaim,
thy birth, which was thy glory, prov'd thy shame.
With early hope thine infant actions fir'd,
let manhood crown what infancy inspir'd;
let gen'rous toils with health reward thy days,
prolong thy prime, and eternize thy praise.
The bold exploit that charms th' attesting age,
to latest times shall gen'rous hearts engage;
and with that myrtle shall thy shrine be crown'd,
with which, alive, thy graceful brows were bound;
till Time shall bid thy virtues freely bloom,
and raise a temple where it found a tomb.

'Then in their feasts thy name shall Grecians join,
shall pour the sparkling juice to Jove's and thine:
thine, us'd in war, shall raise their native fire;
thine, us'd in peace, their mutual faith inspire.
Dulness, perhaps, through want of sight, may blame;
and Spleen, with odious industry, defame;
and that the honours given with wonder view,
and this in secret sadness own them due.
Contempt and Envy were by Fate design'd
the rival tyrants which divide mankind;

Contempt, which none but who deserve can bear,
while Envy's wounds the smiles of Fame repair.
For know, the generous thine exploits shall fire,
thine ev'ry friend it suits thee to require;
lov'd by the gods, and till their seats I show,
lov'd by the good, their images below.'

'Cease lovely maid! fair daughter of the skies!
my guide! my queen!' the ecstatic youth replies:
'in thee I trace a form design'd for sway,
which chiefs may court, and kings with pride obey;
and by thy bright immortal friends I swear,
thy fair idea shall no toils impair.
Lead me, O lead me, where whole hosts of foes
thy form depreciate, and thy friends oppose.
Welcome all toils th' unequal Fates decree,
while toils endear thy faithful charge to thee.
Such be my cares: to bind th' oppressive hand,
and crush the fetters of an injur'd land;
to see the monster's noxious life resign'd,
and tyrants quell'd, the monsters of mankind!
Nature shall smile to view the vanquish'd brood,
and none but Envy riot unsubdu'd.
In cloister'd state let selfish sages dwell,
proud that their heart is narrow as their cell;
and boast their mazy labyrinth of rules,
far less the friends of virtue than the fools:
yet such in vain thy fav'ring smiles pretend,
for he is thine who proves his country's friend.
Thus when my life, wellspent, the good enjoy,
and the mean envious labour to destroy;
when strongly lur'd by Fame's contiguous shrine,
I yet devote my choicer vows to thine;
if all my toils thy promis'd favour claim,
O lead thy favourite through the gates of Fame!'

He ceas'd his vows, and, with disdainful air,
he turn'd to blast the late exulting fair:
but vanish'd, fled to some more friendly shore,
the conscious phantom's beauty pleas'd no more;
convinc'd her spurious charms of dress and face
claim'd a quick conquest or a sure disgrace.
Fantastic pow'r! whose transient charms allur'd,
while Error's mist the reas'ning mind obscur'd;
not such the victress, Virtue's constant queen,
endur'd the test of truth, and dar'd be seen;
her bright'ning form and features seem'd to own,
't was all her wish, her interest, to be known;
and when his longing view the fair declin'd,
left a full image of her charms behind. [crown'd,

Thus reigns the moon, with furtive splendour
while glooms oppress us, and thick shades surround;
but let the source of light it's beams display,
languid and faint the mimic flames decay,
and all the sickening splendour fades away.

TO THE MEMORY OF WILL. SHENSTONE ESQ.

BY JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Come, shepherds, we 'll follow the hearse,
we 'll see our lov'd Corydon laid;
tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
yet let the sad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain;
in sooth he was gentle and kind!
he mark'd in his elegant strain
the graces that glow'd in his mind.
On purpose he planted yon trees,
that birds in the covert might dwell;
he cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
but never would rifle their cell.
Ye lambkins! that play'd at his feet,
go bleat—and your master bemoan;
his music was artless and sweet,
his manners as mild as your own.
No verdure shall cover the vale,
no bloom on the blossoms appear;
the sweets of the forest shall fail,
and winter discolour the year.
No birds in our hedges shall sing,
(our hedges so vocal before)
since he that should welcome the spring,
salutes the gay season no more.
His Phillis was fond of his praise,
and poets came round in a throng;
they listen'd—they envy'd his lays,
but which of them equall'd his song?
Ye shepherds! henceforward be mute,
for lost is the pastoral strain;
so give me my Corydon's flute,
and thus—let me break it in twain.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. SHENSTONE.

Addressed to Mr. Robert Dodsley,

BY THE REV. R GRAVES.

Thee, Shepherd! thee the woods and desert caves,
with wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
and all their echoes, mourn. *Milton.*

'T is past, my Friend! the transient scene is clos'd!
the fairy pile, th' enchanted vision, rais'd
by Damon's magic skill, is lost in air!
What tho' the lawns and pendent woods remain,
each tinkling stream, each rushing cataract,
with lapse incessant echoes through the dale,
yet what avails the lifeless landscape now?
the charm 's dissolv'd; the Genius of the wood,
alas! is flown—for Damon is no more.
As when from fair Lyceum, crown'd with pines,
or Mænalus, with leaves autumnal strew'd,
the tuneful Pan retires, the vocal hills
resound no more, and all Arcadia mourns,
Yet here we fondly dream'd of lasting joys;
here we had hop'd from noisy throngs retir'd,
to drink large draughts of Friendship's cordial stream,
in sweet oblivion wrapt by Damon's verse,
and social converse, many a summer's day.
Romantic wish! in vain frail mortals trace
th' imperfect sketch of human bliss—whilst yet
th' enraptur'd sire his well-plann'd structure views
majestic rising 'midst his infant groves,
sees the dark laurel spread it's glossy shade,
it's languid bloom the purple lilac blend,
or pale laburnum drop it's pensile chain,
death spreads the fatal shaft, and bids his heir
transplant the cypress round his father's tomb.

Oh! teach me then, like you, my friend! to raise
to moral truths my grovelling song; for, ah!
too long by lawless Fancy led astray,
of nymphs and groves I've dream'd, and dancing [fauns,
or naiad leaning o'er her tinkling urn.
Oh! could I learn to sanctify my strains
with hymns like those by tuneful Meyrick sung—
or rather catch the melancholy sounds
from Warton's reed, or Mason's lyre—to paint
the sudden gloom that damps my soul.—But see!
Melpomene herself has snatch'd the pipe
with which sad Lyttelton his Lucia mourn'd,
and plaintive cries, 'My Shenstone is no more!'

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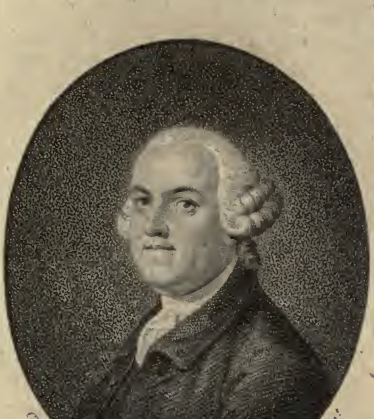
POEMS

by

THOMAS GRAY, L.L.B.

with the Author's Life.



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THE LIFE OF GRAY.

Thomas Gray was born in Cornhill, December 26, 1716. His grandfather was a considerable merchant. His father, Philip Gray, was what was then called a money-scrivener; but being of an unsocial and inactive disposition, he rather diminished than increased his paternal fortune. His mother's name was Dorothy Antrobus. They had many children, of whom our poet was the fifth, but they all died except himself in their infancy; and it has been said, that he narrowly escaped suffocation (owing to too great a fulness of blood, which destroyed the rest), by his mother venturing to open a vein with her own hand, which instantly removed the paroxysm. He was educated at Eton school, under the care of Mr. Antrobus, his mother's brother, than assistant to Dr. George, and also Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. While there he contracted a friendship with Mr. Horace Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, and Mr. Richard West, son of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. His maternal grandfather was the celebrated Dr. Burnet. In 1734 he removed to St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and his friend West removed to Christ Church College, Oxford. They however commenced a correspondence, part of which is included in the collection of letters published by Mr. Mason. Mr. Walpole was at that time of King's College, in the same University. They frequently

met, conversed on subjects of taste, and drank nothing but tea. In April 1738, West left Christ-Church, for the Inner Temple, to study the law; and, in September following, Gray returned to London, intending likewise to apply himself to that profession, in the same society, for which purpose his father had either hired or bought him a set of chambers. But the following spring, on an invitation from Mr. Walpole, to be his companion on his travels, his intention of studying the law was not only laid aside for the time, but never after put in execution. About the end of March 1739, they set out for France together, visiting, in the course of their travels through that country, Paris, Chantilly, Rheims, Dijon, Lyons, the Chartreuse, and other places. In November they arrived at Turin; from thence they proceeded to Genoa, Bologna, Florence, Rome, Naples, &c. In July 1740, they returned to Florence, where they remained till near the end of April 1741, and then set out for Venice. An unfortunate disagreement between the two travellers, arising from the difference of their tempers, occasioned their separation at Rheggio. Gray was from his earliest years, curious, pensive, and philosophical; Mr. Walpole was gay, lively, and consequently, inconsiderate. The latter, however, enjoined Mr. Mason to charge him with the chief blame in their quarrel; confessing that more attention and complaisance, more deference to a warm friendship, superior judgment and prudence, might have prevented a rupture which gave much uneasiness to them both; tho' in 1744, a reconciliation was effected between them by a lady who wished well to both parties. Gray continued his journey to Venice in a manner suited to his own slender fortune;

and having continued there till about the middle of July, he returned home through Padua, Verona, Milan, and Turin; and, repassing the Alps, pursued nearly the same rout by which he had before gone to Italy. His *Letters* published by Mr. Mason, contain a very pleasing account of many parts of his journey. His descriptions of Versailles, of the amusements of Rheims, of the confluence of the Rhone and Soane, his visit to the Grande Chartreuse, and the passage of the Alps, bear more particular marks of his genius and disposition. When he ascends the Alps, we see the native grandieur of his ideas heightened. He is scarcely any longer a mortal being, *nec vox sonat hominem*; particularly when he advances to the Grande Chartreuse, for then that wild magical enthusiasm, so natural to him, seems to possess his whole soul. On his return from his travels, and after the misunderstanding with Mr. Walpole, when his natural melancholy, heightened by chagrin, had led his wishes to a gloomy dereliction of society, he again visited the Chartreuse. The situation was perfectly suitable to his state of mind, and there he wrote in the *Album* of the fathers, such an *Alcaic Ode* as he himself only could have written. It is marked with all the melancholy touches of his melancholy muse, and flows with such an originality of expression, that one can scarcely forbear lamenting he did not honour his own language, by making it the vehicle of this noble imagery and pathetic sentiment.

Oh tu, severi religio loci,
quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve
nativa nam certe fluenta
numen habet, veteresque sylvas:
præsentiorem et conspicimus Deum
per invias rupes, fera per juga,

clivosque præruptos, sonantes
inter aquas, nemorumque noctem;
quam si epositus sub trabe Citrea
fulgerit auro, et Phidiaca manu)
salve vocanti rite, fesso et
da placidum juveni quietem.
Quod si invidendis sedibus, et frui
Fortuna sacra lege Silentii
vetat volentem, me resorbens
in medios violenta fluctus:
saltem remoto des, Pater, angulo
horas senectæ ducere leberas;
tutumque vulgari tumultu
surripias, hominumque curis.

Imitated by a Gentleman of Sunderland.

Hear, awful genius of the solemn grove,
(and say what title best can please thine ear;)
those age-struck woods and native rivers prove
no common genius bears dominion here.
The trackless rocks, the mountain's savage height,
the broken cliff, inviting fell despair,
the deep brown grove where reigns eternal night,
and sounding water-falls, the God declare.
In glory more than if the Citrean beam,
and Phidian art it's nicest aid bestow'd,
or high-wrought gold had shed it's richest gleam,
to deck the fane of the recumbent God;)
hear then, dread genius of the solemn grove!
now be thy mighty power on me confest,
propitious to thy suppliant's wishes prove,
and give to him the placid joys of rest:
but if stern Fortune should forbid my flight,
to taste the sweets of sacred Silence' reign,
should she recal me from the darling sight,
and dash amid the storms of life again;
at least allow to my declining age
a calm retreat from all the cares of life,
safe from the busy world's tumultuous rage,
and far beyond the reach of vulgar strife.

He returned to England September 1, 1741, and, in about two months afterwards, buried his father; who, by the neglect of his business, and an injudicious

waste of money upon a new house at Wanstead, which sold for two thousand pounds less than it's original cost, so much lessened his patrimony that he considered himself too poor to study the law, without becoming burdersome to his mother and aunt. These two sisters, for many years, kept an India warehouse in Cornhill, under the joint names of Gray and Antrobus. Having acquired a decent competency, they retired, on account of Mr Gray's death, to Stoke, near Winsdor, and resided at the house of their other sister Mrs. Rogers, lately become the widow of a gentleman of that name, who had followed the profession of the law, but had retired from business many years before his death. The narrowness of Gray's circumstances was now a cause of distress, but it was not the *only* cause. He had lost the friendship of Mr. Walpole. He had lost much time in his travels; and he reflected that whatever improvements he had made during those intervals, either in taste or science, they would benefit him little in his present situation and exigencies. Nor was this all: on his return, he found the friend of his heart overborne by a consumption and family distresses; and these, alas! were burdens which friendship could not remove. West's health declined daily, and he removed from London, for the benefit of better air, to David Mitchell's, esq. at Popes, in Hertfordshire. During an interval of something more than two months, these friends maintained a constant correspondence on subjects of literature and their classical studies. The last letter from West is dated May 11, 1742. Gray returned an answer May 27. Immediately afterwards, he went on a visit to his relations at Stoke, where he wrote his *Ode on the Spring*. He sent it, as soon as written, to his

beloved friend; but West had done with the amusements and agitations of life before it reached Hertfordshire. A kind of presentment is expressed in that pathetic piece, which cannot fail to interest the feelings of readers of taste. The event also threw melancholy graces on the *Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College*, and on the *Ode to Adversity*, both of them written the following August. Thus what some readers might impute to a splenetic melancholy, sprung from the most benevolent of all sensations.

It is probable that the *Elegy in a Country Church Yard* was begun, if not finished, about this time, tho' the conclusion, as it stands at present, is different from the first copy. The first impulse of his sorrow gave birth to a little sonnet, on the Petrarchian model, which is exceedingly tender and mournful.

> In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
> and redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire:
> the birds in vain their am'rous descant join;
> or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
> these ears, alas! for other notes repine,
> a different object do these eyes require:
> my lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
> and in my breast th' imperfect joys expire.
> Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
> and new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
> the fields to all their wonted tribute bear:
> to warm their little loves the birds complain.
> I fruitless mourn to him, that cannot hear,
> and weep the more because I weep in vain.

Having made a visit of some length at Stoke, where he wrote a considerable part of his more finished poems, he returned to Cambridge, which, from this period became his principal residence. Yet, during the lives of his mother and aunts, he spent his summer vacations at Stoke, and afterwards in making lit-

tle tours or visits to his friends in different parts of the country. The conveniences resulting from that situation, to a person of circumscribed fortune and a studious life, were, in his estimation, more than a counterbalance for the dislike, which, on several accounts he bore to the place. He was admitted to the degree of a Bachelor of the Civil Law in the winter of 1742. From this time he appears to have laid aside composition almost entirely. Less pleased in exerting his own powers than in contemplating the exertions of others, he applied himself, with intense assiduity to the study of the best Greek authors; insomuch, that in the space of about six years, he had not only read but digested almost every writer of note in that language; remarking by the mode of commonplace, their contents, their difficult and corrupt passages; and all this with the accuracy of a critic, added to the diligence of a student. During this interval he expressed his aversion to the ignorance and dulness which appeared to surround him; but of what he intended on this subject, a short fragment only remains, which seems to have been intended as a *Hymn to Ignorance*. What he wrote of it is purely introductory. In 1744 he appeared to have relinquished any farther solicitations of the muse. Mr. Walpole, notwithstanding, being desirous to preserve what he had already written, and, to perpetuate the merit of their deceased friend, importuned him to publish his own poems, together with those of West, but this he declined, from the apprehension, that the joint stock of both would scarcely form a volume. In 1747, Mr. Mason, then scholar of St. John's College, afterwards fellow of Pembroke-Hall, was introduced to his acquaintance. He had

written the year before, his "Monody on the Death of Pope," and his "Il Bellicoso," and "Il Pacifico," and Gray had revised them at the request of a friend. This laid the foundation of an intimacy, which continued without interruption during the life of Gray. The same year, a favourite cat, belonging to Mr Walpole, happening to be drowned, Gray amused himself on the occasion, with writing an elegant little *Ode;* in which he happily united both humour and instruction. The following year was distinguished by a far more important effort of his muse, the initiatory fragment of an *Essay on the Alliance of Education and Government,* which is superior to every thing in the same style of writing in our language. He intended to shew, that both should concur to produce great and useful men. It was intended to be addressed to the President Montesquieu, and probably the intervening death of that great man might be a means of his relinquishing his purpose. It opens with two similies, an uncommon kind of exordium; but which, it is probable, he intentionally chose to imitate the analogical method which he meant to pursue in his subsequent reasonings.

> As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
> whose barren bosom starves her gen'rous birth,
> nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains,
> their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins:
> and as in climes, where Winter holds his reign,
> the soil tho' fertile, will not teem in vain,
> forbids her gems to swell, her shades to rise,
> nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies:
> so draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
> unform'd, unfriended, by those kindly cares,
> that health and vigour to the soul impart,
> spread the young thought, and warm the opening heart:
> so fond instruction on the growing powers

of nature idly lavishes her stores,
if equal justice with unclouded face
smile not indulgent on the rising race,
and scatter with a free, tho' frugal hand,
light golden showers of plenty o'er the land:
but Tyranny has fix'd her empire there,
to check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
and blast the blooming promise of the year.

This spacious animated scene survey,
from where the rolling orb, that gives the day,
his sable sons with nearer course surrounds
to either pole, and life's remotest bounds.
How rude so e'er the exterior form we find,
howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
alike to all, the kind, impartial heaven
the sparks of truth and happiness has given:
with sense to feel, with memory to retain,
they follow pleasure, and they fly from pain;
their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
the event presages, and explores the cause;
the soft returns of gratitude they know,
by fraud elude, by force repel the foe;
while mutual wishes, mutual woes endear
the social smile and sympathetic tear.

Say, then, through ages by what fate confin'd
to different climes seem different souls assign'd?
Here measur'd laws and philosophic ease
fix, and improve the polish'd arts of peace;
there industry and gain their vigils keep,
command the winds, and tame the unwilling deep:
here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail;
there languid pleasure sighs in every gale.
Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
has Scythia breath'd the living cloud of war;
and, where the deluge bursts, with sweepy sway
their arms, their kings, their gods were roll'd away.
As oft have issued, host impelling host,
the blue-eyed myraids from the Baltic coast.
The prostrate south to the destroyer yields
her boasted titles, and her golden fields:
with grim delight the brood of Winter view

a brighter day, and heavens of azure hue,
scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
and quaff the pendant vintage as it grows.
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
while European freedom still withstands
th' encroaching tide that drowns her lessening lands;
and sees far off with an indignant groan
her native plains, and empires once her own?
Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame
o'erpower the fire that animates our frame;
as lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
Need we the influence of the northern star
to string our nerves and steel our hearts to war?
and where the face of Nature laughs around,
must sick'ning Virtue fly the tainted ground?
Unmanly thought! what seasons can controul,
what fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,
who conscious of the source from whence she springs,
by Reason's light, on Resolution's wings,
spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
o'er Lybia's deserts and through Zembla's snows?
she bids each slumb'ring energy awake,
another touch, another temper take,
suspends the inferior laws that rule our clay:
the stubborn elements confess her sway;
their little wants, their low desires, refine,
and raise the mortal to a height divine.
Not but the human fabric from the birth
imbibes a flavour of it's parent earth.
As various tracts enforce a various toil,
the manners speak the idiom of their soil.
An iron race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
foes to the gentler genius of the plain:
for where unwearied sinews must be found
with side long plough to quell the flinty ground,
to turn the torrent's swift descending flood,
to brave the savage rushing from the wood,
what wonder, if to patient valour train'd,

they guard with spirit what by strength they gain'd?
and while their rocky ramparts round they see,
the rough abode of want and liberty,
(as lawless force from confidence will grow)
insult the plenty of the vales below?
What wonder, in the sultry climes, that spread,
where Nile redundant o'er his summer bed
from his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
and broods o'er Egypt with his watery wings,
if with advent'rous oar and ready sail
the dusky people drive before the gale;
or on frail floats to neighb'ring cities ride,
that rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide.
* * * * * * * *

How much it is to be lamented, that Gray did not complete what he thus admirably begun! The design is the noblest which he ever attempted; and also as far as he carried it into execution, the most exquisitely finished. The *Ode on Eton College* was his first English production which appeared in print. It was published in folio, by Dodsley, in 1747; about the same time, at Mr. Walpole's request, he sat for his picture to Echart; in which, on a paper which he held in his hand, Mr. Walpole wrote the title of this ode; and to intimate his own high and just opinion of it, added this line of Lucian by way of motto.

"Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre."

This highly-finished ode, together with his three other monostrophic odes, *On Spring*, *On a favourite Cat*, *To Adversity*, was aftewards inserted in "Dodsley's Miscellany." In 1750, he put his last hand to the *Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard*, which, when finished, was communicated first to Mr. Walpole, and by him to several persons of distinction. This brought Gray acquainted with lady Cobham, and furnished

an occasion for his *Long Story*, a slight composition in ballad measure in which some colours of wit and humour are intimately blended. The *Elegy* having found it's way into the "Magazine of Magazines," he wrote to Mr. Walpole, Feb. 11, 1751, desiring he would put his own manuscript into the hands of Dodsley, and order him to print it. This was the most popular of all his productions. It ran through eleven editions in a very short space of time, was finely translated into Latin by Anstey and Roberts, and in the same year another, tho' inferior, version of it was published by Lloyd. In the manuscript copy he gave it only the simple title of *Stanzas written in a Country Church-yard*. Mr. Mason persuaded him to call it an *Elegy*, because the subject authorised him to do so, and the alternate measure in which it was written, seemed peculiarly adapted to this species of composition. In 1753, Mr. Bentley, wishing to supply every ornament that his pencil could contribute, drew not only for the Elegy but for the rest of Gray's productions, a set of designs, which were handsomely repaid by the following complimentary *Stanzas*, many of which are equal in merit to the best of his most finished poems.

In silent gaze the tuneful choir among
half pleas'd half blushing, let the muse admire,
while Bentley leads her sister art along,
and bids the pencil answer to the lyre.

See, in their course, each transitory thought
fix'd by his touch, a lasting essence take:
each dream, in Fancy's airy colouring wrought,
to local symmetry and life awake!

The tardy rhymes that us'd to linger on,
to censure cold, and negligent of fame,
in swifter measures animated ran,
and catch a lustre from his genial flame.

Ah! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,
his quick creation, his unerring line;
the energy of Pope they might efface,
and Dryden's harmony submit to mine.

But not to one in this benighted age
is that diviner inspiration given,
that burns in Shakespeare's or in Milton's page,
the pomp and prodigality of heaven.

As when conspiring in the diamond's blaze,
the meaner gems, that singly charm the sight,
together dart their intermingled rays,
and dazzle with a luxury of light.

Enough for me, if to some feeling breast
my lines a secret sympathy *convey*;
and as their pleasing influence *there shall rest*,
a sigh of soft reflection *steal away*.

The paper on which the last stanza was written being broken, the words in italics have been supplied.

The panegyric is undoubtedly carried too far; there is so much of grotesque fancy in those designs, that they are far from being universally admired. Let the reader attend to the second stanza of these addressed to Mr. Bentley, and then turn to the design for the *Ode to Adversity*. Let him behold the Quarter Staff of Jupiter, the Horse-Lock, the Hunting-Whip, and the Talons, but let him not bid defiance to risibility.

In the March following, Gray sustained the loss of his mother, which he felt long and severely. His conduct to her had been exemplary, and she merited all the tenderness and attention she had received. She was buried in the same vault, where her sister's remains had been deposited, at Stoke. As the inscription on the tombstone was undoubtedly written by Gray, it would here, on that account, claim a place, but it has, independently of this consideration, a pe-

culiar pathos and true inscriptive simplicity to recommend it.

In the vault beneath,
are deposited, in hope of a joyful resurrection,
the REMAINS of
MARY ANTROBUS.
She died, unmarried, Nov. 5, 1749, aged 66.

In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister, here sleep
the REMAINS of
DOROTHY GRAY,
widow,
the careful tender mother of many children,
one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her.
She died March 11, 1753, aged 67.

Gray finished his *Ode on the Progress of Poesy*, early in 1755; the *Bard* was also begun about that time, and the following beautiful unfinished piece, *On the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude.* The additions distinguished by inverted commas, are by the Rev. Mr. Mason.

Now the golden morn aloft
waves her dew-bespangled wing,
with vermil cheek and whisper soft,
she woes the tardy spring:
till April starts, and calls around
the sleeping fragrance from the ground;
and lightly o'er the living scene
scatters his freshest, tenderest, green.

New-born flocks in rustic dance,
frisking ply their feeble feet;
forgetful of their wintry trance
the birds his presence greet:
but chief the skylark warbles high
his trembling thrilling ecstacy;
and, lessening from the dazzled sight,
melts into air and liquid night.

Rise, my soul! on wings of fire,
rise, the rapt'rous choir among;
hark! 't is Nature strikes the lyre,
and leads the general song:

" warm let the lyric transport flow,
" warm as the ray that bids it glow:
" and animates the vernal grove
" with health, with harmony, and love."

Yesterday the sullen year
saw the snowy whirwind fly;
mute was the music of the air,
the herd stood drooping by:
their raptures now that wildly flow,
no yesterday, nor morrow know;
'tis man alone that joy descries
with forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow
soft Reflection's hand can trace;
and o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
a melancholy grace;
while Hope prolongs our happier hour,
or deepest shades that dimly lower
and blacken round our weary way,
gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,
see a kindred Grief pursue:
behind the steps that Misery treads,
approaching comfort view:
the hues of bliss more brightly glow,
chastis'd by sabler tints of woe;
and blended form, with artful strife,
the strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has tost
on the thorny bed of pain,
at length repair his vigour lost,
and breathe, and walk again:
the meanest floweret of the vale,
the simplest note that swells the gale,
the common sun, the air, the skies,
to him are opening Paradise.

Humble Quiet builds her cell
near the source whence pleasure flows;
she eyes the clear chrystalline well,
and tastes it as it goes.
" While" far below the " madding" crowd
" rush headlong to the dangerous flood,"
where broad and turbulent it sweeps,
" and" perish in the boundless deeps.

Mark where Indolence, and Pride,
" sooth'd by Flattery's tinkling sound,
" go," softly rolling, side by side,
their dull, but daily round:
" to these, if Hebe's self should bring
" the purest cup from Pleasure's spring,
" say, can they taste the flavour high
" of sober, simple, genuine joy?

" Mark Ambition's march sublime
" up to Power's meridian height;
" while pale-ey'd Envy sees him climb,
" and sickens at the sight.
" Phantoms of Danger, Death, and Dread,
" float hourly round Ambition's head;
" while Spleen, within his rival's breast,
" sits brooding on her scorpion nest.

" Happier he, the peasant, far,
" from the pangs of passion free,
" that breathes the keen yet wholesome air
" of rugged penury.
" He, when his morning task is done,
" can slumber in the noontide sun;
" and hie him home at evening's close,
" to sweet repast, and calm repose.

" He unconscious whence the bliss,
" feels, and owns in carols rude,
" that all the circling joys are his,
" of dear vicissitude.
" From toil he wins his spirits light,
" from busy day, the peaceful night;
" rich, from the very want of wealth,
" in heaven's best treasures, peace and health.

In 1756, he removed from St. Peter's College to Pembroke-Hall, in consequence of two or three young men of fortune, who lived in the same stair-case, having, for some, time, intentionally disturbed him with their riots. He complained to the governing part of the society; and not thinking that this remonstrance was sufficiently attended to, he " left his lodgings," as he himself expresses it, " because the rooms were noisy, and the people of the house uncivil."

On the death of Cibber, in 1757, the Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Chamberlain, made him an offer of the vacant office of Poet-Laureat, through the hands of Lord John Cavendish, his brother; but the disgrace brought on that office, by the inability of some who had filled it, probably induced him to decline the appointment, which was bestowed on Whitehead.

The same year, he published the *Progress of Poesy*, and the *Bard*, his two greatest lyric performances. Their merit was not immediately perceived, nor generally acknowledged. Garrick wrote a few lines in their praise. Lloyd and Colman wrote in concert two odes to "Oblivion" and "Obscurity," in which they were ridiculed with much contempt and much ingenuity. In 1759, his curiosity drew him away from Cambridge, to a lodging in Southamptonrow, near the Museum, where he resided near three years, reading and transcribing. His extracts, amounting in all to a tolerably-sized folio, were put into the possession of Lord Orford, who printed the speech of Sir. Thomas Wyat from them, in the second number of his "Miscellaneous Antiquities." In 1762, when the Professorship of Modern Languages and History at Cambridge, became vacant by the death of Mr. Turner, he was, as he says, "cockered and spirited up," till he asked it of Lord Bute, who sent him a civil refusal, and the place was given to Mr. Laurence Broket, the tutor of Sir James Lowther. Gray's constitution was weak, and believing that his health was promoted by exercise and change of place, he undertook, in 1765, a journey to Scotland. But he had other motives in travelling, namely, the gratification of his curiosity and taste. Possessed of ample comprehension, his researches extended to all the

works of art, all the appearances of nature, and all the monuments of past events. During his stay in that country, he contracted a friendship with Dr. Beattie, whom he found "a poet, a philosopher, and a good man," through whose intervention the Marischal College at Aberdeen offered him the degree of Doctor of Laws, which Gray having omitted to take at Cambridge, he now civilly declined. In December 1767, Dr. Beattie, still desirous that his country should afford some testimony of it's regard to the merit of our poet, solicited his permission, for Mr. Foulis, to print, at the University press of Glasgow, an elegant edition of his works. Dodsley had before solicited the same favour, and Gray, unwilling to refuse, gratified both with a copy, containing a few notes, and his imitations of the Norse poetry.

The death of Mr. Brocket, in July 1768, left another opening to the professorship, which he had before unsuccessfully sought. Lord Bute however was not then in office, and the Duke of Grafton, to preclude a request, within two days of the vacancy appointed Mr. Gray. The place was valuable in itself, the salary being £400 a year; but what rendered it particularly acceptable to Gray, was it's being given to him without any solicitation. On the Duke of Grafton being elected Chancellor of the University, in 1769, gratitude prompted Gray, unasked, to furnish an irregular *Ode for Music*, to be performed at his installation. Not long after the bustle of the installation was over, ill health made another journey necessary, and he visited the lakes of Westmorland and Cumberland. The impressions he received from the wonderful scenery that surrounded him, he transmitted to his friend, Dr. Wharton, in epistolary jour-

nals, which possess all the wildness of Salvator, and the softness of Claude. In May 1771, writing to the same friend, he complains of a violent cough, which had troubled him for three months, and which he called incurable; adding, that till this year he never knew what (mechanical) low spirits were. The anxiety he felt from holding, as a sinecure, an office, the duties of which he thought himself bound to perform, without doubt, contributed to the latter complaint. The object of his professorship being twofold, and the patent allowing him to effect one of it's designs by deputy, it is understood, that he liberally rewarded, for that purpose, the teachers in the University of Italian and French. The other part he himself prepared to execute; but tho' the professorship was instituted in 1724, none of his predecessors had furnished a plan of lectures. Embarrassed by this and other difficulties, and retarded by ill health, the undertaking at length became so irksome, that he seriously proposed to relinquish the office.

Towards the close of May he removed from Cambridge to London, after having suffered from flying attacks of an hereditary gout, to which he had long been subject, and from which a life of singular temperance could not protect him. In London his indisposition having increased, Dr. Gisborne advised him to remove from his lodgings in Jermyn-street to Kensington. This change was of so much benefit, that he was soon enabled to return to Cambridge, from whence he meditated a journey to Old-Park, near Durham, the residence of his friend Dr. Wharton, which he hoped might re-establish his health; but his intentions and hopes were delusive. On the 24th of July, while at dinner in the College-hall, he felt a

sudden nausea, which obliged him to rise from table, and retire to his chamber. The gout had fixed on his stomach, and resisted all the powers of medicine. On the 29th, he was seized by a strong convulsion, which the next day, returned with increased violence, and the following evening he expired, in the 55th year of his age. He was on the first attack aware of his extreme danger, was sensible at times, even to the last, yet expressed no concern on account of his approaching dissolution. He was buried in the vault, in which his aunt and his mother were deposited, in the churchyard at Stoke, agreeably to his own direction.

It is remarkable that neither friend nor relation raised a stone to his memory till the year 1799, when the genius of poetry animated the kindred bosom of John Penn, esq. to perform the long neglected task. The monument erected by this gentleman stands in a field adjoining the church, and forms the termination of one of the views from his charming and magnificent residence of Stoke-house. It is composed of stone, and consists of a large sarcophagus, supported on a square pedestal, with inscriptions on each side. Three of them are selected from the "Ode to Eton College," and "Elegy written in a Country Church yard." The fourth is as follows.

This monument, in honour of
THOMAS GRAY,
was erected A. D. 1799,
among the scenery
celebrated by that great lyric and elegiac poet.
He died in 1771,
and lies unnoticed in the adjoining church-yard,
under the tomb-stone on which he piously
and pathetically recorded the interment
of his aunt, and lamented mother.

By his will, dated July 2, 1770, he appointed Mr. Mason, and the Rev. Dr. Browne, President of Pembroke-hall, his joint executors: and left Mr. Mason all his books, manuscripts, coins, printed or written music, and papers of all kinds, to preserve or destroy at his own discretion. His *Poems and Letters* were collected and published by Mr. Mason, in a 4to vol. 1775, to which he prefixed, "Memoirs of his Life and Writings," with "imitations, variations, and additional notes," and were republished in 4 vol. 8vo. 1778. The common editions of his *Poems* are too numerous to be specified. To the edition in 8vo. 1786, were added notes and parallel passages by Mr. Wakefield. The Latin language was enriched with an elegant and spirited translation of the *Bard*, in 1775; and an admirable Greek version of the *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*, proceeded from the classical pen of Dr. Norbury, in 1793. The imitations it has produced are innumerable. It appears from Mr. Mason's narrative, that the greatest part of Gray's life was spent in that kind of learned leisure, which has only self-improvement and self-gratification for it's object. He may be said to be one of those few personages, in the annals of literature, who were devoid of self-interest, and at the same time one of those few economists who possessed that talent untinctured with the slightest stain of avarice. When his circumstances were at the lowest, he gave away such sums in charity, as would have done credit to an ampler purse. But what chiefly deterred him from making a pecuniary object of his literary pursuits, was a certain degree of pride, which led him to despise the idea of being thought an author by profession. However, it is probable, that, early in life, he had an intention of pub-

lishing an edition of *Strabo;* for his papers contain a great number of notes and geographical disquisitions on that author. The indefatigable pains which he took with the writings of *Plato,* and the quantity of critical, as well as explanatory observations, which he has left on every part of his works, plainly indicate that no man in Europe was better prepared to republish and illustrate that philosopher than Gray. Another work, on which he bestowed uncommon labour, was the *Anthologia.* In an interleaved copy of that collection of Greek epigrams, he has transcribed several additional ones, which he selected in his extensive reading, and inserted a great number of critical notes, emendations, and a copious index; but whether he intended this manuscript for the press, is uncertain. The only work which he meditated on with that view, from the beginning, was a *History of English Poetry,* on a plain sketched by Pope. But after some considerable preparations for the execution of this design he was informed that Mr. Warton was engaged in a similar work; the undertaking was therefore relinquished. In 1770, Mr. Warton desired to see the plan, and he readily sent him a "Sketch of the Arrangement of the Subject," which appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for February 1783. Gray made many poetical beginnings on subjects, from which, either by accident, or through want of industry, he was afterwards diverted Among these was the scene of a tragedy, taken from Tacitus, on the death of Agrippina, which leaves us to regret, that he only *attempted* to write a tragedy. Among other sciences Gray had acquired a great knowledge of Gothic architecture. The *Remarks on Saxon Churches* in the Introduction to Mr. Bentham's "History of Ely," were

drawn up by Gray. He had seen and studied in his youth, while abroad, the Roman proportions, both in ancient times, and in the works of Palladio. In his latter years he applied himself to consider those stupendous structures of more modern date that adorn our own country; which, if they have not the same grace, have undoubtedly the same dignity. He endeavoured to trace this mode of building from the time it commenced through it's various changes, till it arrived at it's perfection in the reign of Henry viii, and ended in that of Elizabeth. In this manner he arrived at so extraordinary a pitch of judgment, as to pronounce, at first sight, on the precise time when the particular parts of our cathedrals were erected. Of Heraldry, it's correlative science, he possessed a complete knowledge, which the number of genealogical papers he left sufficiently evince. But his favourite study for the last ten years of his life, was natural history, which he rather resumed than began, being, through the assistance of his uncle Antrobus, a considerable botanist at fifteen. The marginal notes which he has left on Linnæus, his additions to Hudson and other writers, on the vegetable, animal, and fossile kindoms, are very numerous. While attentive to zoology, he successfully applied his discoveries to illustrate Aristotle and others of the ancients. Except pure mathematics, and the studies dependent on that science, there was scarcely any branch of human learning, in which he had not acquired a competent skill; in most of them a consummate mastery.

Of his amusements, the chief and almost only one (excepting the frequent experiments he made on flowers, for the purpose of investigating the process of vegetation) was music. His instrument was the

harpsichord; on which, tho' he had little execution, he adapted his voice so judiciously to his playing, as to give an auditor considerable pleasure. His judgment in statuary and painting was exquisite, and formed from an almost intuitive perception of those graces beyond the reach of art, in which the divine works of the great masters abound. He had a fine taste in prints, his choice of which was regulated by the same judicious rule which he adhered to in making his collection of music; which was not to obtain complete sets of the works of any master, as to select the best of their kind, and which might recal to his memory the capital pictures, statues, and buildings, which he had seen and studied. Of Gray's religious opinions little is known; there are, however, traces which shew him a believer. He has answered Bolingbroke's scepticism, and he has censured both Voltaire and Hume. In private life, he was most respected by those who best knew him; he was a man of politeness, virtue, and humanity. It is unfortunate, that after a life so laboriously employed, Gray should have left so little behind; but it should be considered, that with respect to others, he was innocently employed; to himself, without doubt, beneficially. His time passed agreeably; he was every day making some new acquisition in science; his mind enlarged, his heart softened, his virtue strengthened; the world and mankind were shewn to him without a mask; and he was taught to consider every thing as trifling, and unworthy the attention of a wise man, except the pursuit of knowledge and practice of virtue. Yet there is no character without some speck. In Gray, there was a reserve in his behaviour, too nearly resembling fastidiousness; and he was apt to indulge himself in such

modish niceties of dress, as did not always correspond with the sobriety of an academic gown. After his return from his travels he commonly wore a muff. If he went to a coffee-house, he would tell the waiter, in an effeminate tone, to give him that "silly paper book," meaning the "Gentleman's Magazine," or "Review." Timorous, as effeminate, and fearful of accidents, he had a ladder to let down from his window, in case of fire. Some young men of the college idly and wantonly set up a false alarm, in order to draw him upon his ladder; this, among other circumstances, was said to be the occasion of his removing to Pembroke-hall. On his poetry, it is needless to bestow praises, or to repel the attacks of envy and rancour. "He who can continue," says Mr. Wakefield, "amidst the blaze of splendor that bursts around him, amidst the torrent of sublimity that pours along, sedately speculating on petty blemishes, is certainly a stranger to those sensations which animated Pindar and Gray! and deserves, for the punishment of his malice, that poetical curse denounced by the pathetic Collins, on all those who could reflect on the author of the "Seasons," without emotions of benevolence and concern:

> "With him, sweet bard! may fancy die,
> and joy desert the blooming year!"

If Gray was not a poet of the first order, there is no poetry existing; and if his bold expressions be nonsense, so are the most rapturous passages of Sophocles, Klopstock, Shakespeare, and Milton. In sublimity, pathos, and enthusiasm, he is perhaps excelled by Dryden and Collins; but in richness of imagery, glow of expression, and harmony of numbers, he surpasses the two great masters of English lyric poetry,

Gray's poems are not numerous; but all of them, at least his serious pieces, have great merit; and whoever undertakes to write as correctly as he has written, will find himself unable to write much. His pieces have all the marks of close study and close revision; and the smallness of their number, compared with the length of time he was known as a poet, sufficiently shows, that they were kept long under his own eyes, before they were submitted to those of the public. They may, therefore, be regarded as a kind of standard of the correctness to which English poetry has arrived. *The Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*, is, perhaps, the first of the kind in any language; it's subject is universally interesting, the allegorical imagery is sublime, and the natural description picturesque; the sentiment is mostly simple and pathetic, and the versification possesses a melody, which has not often been retained, and cannot be surpassed. This poem underwent some alterations from it's original form. The rejected stanzas are however highly worth preservation, both as objects of curiosity, and of excellence. In the first copy the conclusion was different from that which is retained. The four stanzas below followed, "With incense kindled at the muses flame."

The thoughtless world to majesty may bow,
exalt the brave, and idolize success;
but more to innocence their safety owe,
than power or genius, e'er conspir'd to bless.

And thou, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
dost in these notes their artless tale relate,
by night and lonely contemplation led
to wander in the gloomy walks of fate:

hark! how the sacred calm, that breathes around,
bids ev'ry fierce tumultuous passion cease;

in still small accents whispering from the ground,
a grateful earnest of eternal peace.

No more with reason and thyself at strife,
give anxious cares and endless wishes room:
but through the cool sequester'd vale of life
pursue the silent tenor of thy doom.

Here the poem was intended to conclude. After the stanza ending, "To meet the sun upon the upland lawn," appeared in the first copy,

Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
while o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
oft as the woodlark pip'd her farewell song,
with wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

Between the line, "Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn," and the epitaph, Gray originally inserted the following beautiful stanza.

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
by hands unseen are showers of violets found;
the redbreast loves to build and warble there,
and little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Mr. Edwards endeavoured to supply what he thought a defect in the Elegy, by adding after, "Some Cromwell guiltless," &c. the two following stanzas.

Some lovely fair, whose unaffected charms,
shone with attraction to herself unknown;
whose beauty might have blest a monarch's arms,
and virtue cast a lustre on the throne.

That humble beauty warm'd an honest heart,
and cheer'd the labours of a faithful spouse;
that virtue form'd for every decent part,
the healthful offspring that adorn'd their house.

The following Alcaic fragment is so happily executed, that it might impose on the best critic as being a genuine ancient composition.

O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
felix! in imo qui scatentem
pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

The partial and uncandid mode of criticism adopted by Dr. Johnson, in his remarks on Gray, have given general and just offence. Particular resentment has been expressed against it, as might be expected, by his *Alma Mater*, the university of Cambridge. An ingenious vindication of his "Lyric Performances," by Mr. Potter, appeared in 1782, which was followed in the same year, by an able defence of "his writings" in "Remarks on Dr. Johnson's Life of Gray," &c. His atrabilarious mode of criticising, and style of expression, have been successfully imitated by Professor Young of Glasgow, in an ironical continuation of his "Criticism on the Poems of Gray," intitled, "A Criticism on the Elegy written in a country Churchyard," 8vo. 1783. Johnson has also fallen under Mr. Wakefield's severest indignation. The refutation of his strictures on Gray he thinks a necessary service to the public, without which they might operate with a malignant influence on the national taste. His censure however, is too general, and expressed with too much vehemence. Dr. Johnson's remarks, undoubtedly betray a blindness to poetic beauty, an unreasonable fastidiousness of taste, and an unbecoming illiberality of spirit, yet they are not without some foundation; particularly when he remarks that Gray's language is encumbered and harsh, and that his poetry was in a manner the effect of industry and perseverance. Tho' Johnson appears to have turned an unwilling eye on the beauties of Gray, yet he is compelled to pass a panegyric on the *Elegy written in a Country Church yard*, and the *Ode to Adversity*. No poetic reader can subscribe to the rancour and illiberality of Johnson's temper, yet all may admire his vast intuitive knowledge and ingenuity. As

an author, Gray had this peculiarity, that he did not write his pieces first rudely and then correct them, but laboured every line as it arose in the train of composition; and he had a notion, not very peculiar, that he could not write but at certain times, or at happy moments; a fantastic foppery to which a man of learning and virtue should ever be superior.

Besides the *Long Story*, the pieces omitted in this selection, are *The Fatal Sisters*, and *The Descent of Oden*, from the Norse tongue: the first is too trifling, and the latter abound with too much of gross fable and superstition, to be admitted into a design of retaining pieces of unexceptionable excellence only.

EPITAPH,

on Mr Gray's Monument in Westminister Abbey.

No more the Grecian Muse unrivall'd reigns,
to Britain let the nations homage pay!
she boasts a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
a Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray.

ODE TO MR. GRAY ON THE BACKWARDNESS OF SPRING,

BY R. WEST.

Dear Gray! that always in my heart
possessest far the better part,
what mean these sudden blasts that rise,
and drive the zephyrs from the skies?

O join with mine thy tuneful lay,
and invocate the tardy May.

Come, fairest nymph! resume thy reign,
bring all the Graces in thy train:
with balmy breath and flowery tread
rise from thy soft ambrosial bed,
where in Elysian slumber bound
embow'ring myrtles veil thee round.

Awake, in all thy glories drest,
recal the zephyrs from the west;
restore the sun, revive the skies,
at mine and Nature's call arise!
great Nature's self upbraids thy stay,
and misses her accustom'd May.

See! all her works demand thy aid,
the labours of Pomona fade;
a plaint is heard from every tree,
each budding flow'ret calls for thee;
the birds forget to love and sing;
with storms alone the forests ring.

Come, then, with Pleasure at thy side,
diffuse thy vernal spirit wide;
create where'er thou turn'st thine eye
peace, plenty, love, and harmony;
till every being share it's part,
and heaven and earth be glad at heart.

ODES.

ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
fair Venus' train, appear,
disclose the long-expected flowers,
and wake the purple year!
The attic warbler pours her throat,
responsive to the cuckow's note,
the untaught harmony of spring:
while whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
cool sephyrs through the clear blue sky
their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where-e'er the oak's thick branches stretch
a broader browner shade:
where-e'er the rude and moss-grown beech
o'er-canopies the glade;
beside some water's rushy brink,
with me the muse shall sit, and think
(at ease reclin'd in rustic state),
how vain the ardour of the crowd,
how low, how little are the proud,
how indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
the panting herds repose:
yet hark! how through the peopled air
the busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,

eager to taste the honied spring,
and float amid the liquid noon:
some lightly o'er the current skim,
some shew their gaily-gilded trim,
quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
such is the race of man;
and they that creep and they that fly
shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
but flutter through life's little day,
in Fortune's varying colours drest;
brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
they leave in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
the sportive kind reply;
poor Moralist! and what art thou?
a solitary fly!
Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
no hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
no painted plumage to display;
on hasty wings thy youth is flown;
thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
we frolic while 't is May.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT,
drowned in a tub of gold fishes.

'T was on a lofty vase's side,
where China's gayest art had dy'd
the azure flowers, that blow;
demurest of the tabby kind,
the pensive Selima reclin'd,
gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
the fair round face, the snowy beard,
the velvet of her paws;
her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
she saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
two angel forms were seen to glide,
the genii of the stream:
their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
through richest purple to the view,
betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw;
a whisker first, and then a claw,
with many an ardent wish,
she stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
what cat 's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent,
again she stretch'd, again she bent,
nor knew the gulph between:
(malignant Fate sat by and smil'd)

the slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
she tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
she mew'd to every wat'ry god,
some speedy aid to send.
No dolphin came, no nereid stirr'd,
nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard:
a fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties! undeceiv'd,
know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
and be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes,
and heedless hearts is lawful prize;
nor all that glisters, gold.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ανθρωπος' ικανη προφασις εις το δυστυχειν.
MENANDER.

Ye distant spires! ye antique tow'rs!
that crown the wat'ry glade,
where grateful science still adores
her HENRY'S* holy shade;
and ye, that from the stately brow
of WINDSOR'S heights, th' expanse below
of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
wanders the hoary Thames along
his silver-winding way.

* Henry VI, founder of the College.

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
ah fields belov'd in vain!
where once my careless childhood stray'd,
a stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
a momentary bliss bestow,
as waving fresh their gladsome wing,
my weary soul they seem to soothe,
and, redolent of joy and youth,
to breathe a second spring.

Say, Father THAMES! for thou hast seen
full many a sprightly race,
disporting on thy margent green,
the paths of pleasure trace;
who foremost now delight to cleave,
with pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet, which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
to chase the rolling circle's speed,
or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent,
their murm'ring labours ply
'gainst graver hours that bring constraint
to sweeten liberty:
some bold adventurers disdain
the limits of their little reign,
and unknown regions dare descry:
still as they run they look behind,
they hear a voice in every wind,
and snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is their's by Fancy fed,
less pleasing when possest;

the tear forgot as soon as shed,
the sunshine of the breast:
their's buxom Health, of rosy hue,
wild Wit, Invention ever new,
and lively Cheer of Vigour born;
the thoughtless day, the easy night,
the spirits pure, the slumbers light,
that fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
the little victims play!
no sense have they of ills to come,
nor care beyond to-day;
yet see, how all around 'em wait
the ministers of human fate,
and black Misfortune's baleful train!
ah, show them where in ambush stand,
to seize their prey, the murd'rous band!
ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
the vultures of the mind,
disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
and Shame that skulks behind;
or pining Love shall waste their youth,
or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
that inly gnaws the secret heart:
and Envy wan, and faded Care,
grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
and Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
then whirl the wretch from high,
to bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
and grinning Infamy.

The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
and hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
that mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
and keen Remorse, with blood defil'd,
and moody Madness, laughing wild
amidst severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath,
a grisly troop are seen,
the painful family of Death,
more hideous than their queen:
this racks the joints, this fires the veins,
that every labouring sinew strains,
those in the deeper vitals rage:
lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
that numbs the soul with icy hand,
and slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings: all are men,
condemn'd alike to groan;
the tender for another's pain;
th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why should they know their fate!
since sorrow never comes too late,
and happiness too swiftly flies?
thought would destroy their paradise.
No more:—where ignorance is bliss,
't is folly to be wise.

TO ADVERSITY.

———Ζηνα
τον φρονειν βροτους οδωσ
Σανλα, τω παθει μαθαν
Σενλα κυριως εχειν.
ÆSCHYLUS, *in Agamemnone.*

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
thou tamer of the human breast,
whose iron scourge, and tort'ring hour,
the bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
the proud are taught to taste of pain,
and purple tyrants vainly groan
with pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
to thee he gave the heavenly birth,
and bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
with patience many a year she bore:
what sorrow was, thou badst her know,
and from her own she learnt to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
and leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse; and with them go
the summer-friend, the flatt'ring foe;
by vain Prosperity receiv'd,
to her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
and Melancholy, silent maid,
with leaden eye, that loves the ground,
still on thy solemn steps attend;
warm Charity, the general friend,
with Justice, to herself severe,
and Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
dread Goddess! lay thy chastening hand;
not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
not circled with the vengeful band
(as by the impious thou art seen),
with thund'ring voice and threat'ning mein,
with screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess! wear,
thy milder influence impart,
thy philosophic train be there
to soften, not to wound my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
teach me to love, and to forgive,
exact my own defects to scan,
what others are, to feel; and know myself a man.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC.

[When the author first published this and the following ode, he was advised, even by his friends, to subjoin some few explanatory notes: but had too much respect for the understanding of his readers to take that liberty.]

Φωναντα συνετοισιν· εξ
δε το παν ερμηνεων
χαλιζει.——

PINDAR, *Olymph.* 11.

I 1.

Awake, Æolian lyre! awake,
and give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
a thousand rills their mazy progress take:
the laughing flowers, that round them blow,
drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
now rolling down the steep amain,
headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
the rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I 2.

Oh! sovereign of the willing soul,
parent of sweet and solemn breathing airs,
enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
and frantic Passions, hear thy soft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
has curb'd the fury of his car,

and dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the scepter'd hand
of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
with ruffled plume, and flagging wing:
quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
the terror of his beak and lightnings of his eye.

13.

Thee the voice, the dance obey,
temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet green
the rosy-crowned loves are seen
on Cytherea's day,
with antic Sports, and blue-ey'd Pleasures,
frisking light in frolic measures;
now pursuing, now retreating,
now in circling troops they meet:
to brisk notes in cadence beating,
glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their queen's approach declare;
where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
With arts sublime, that float upon the air,
in gliding state she wings her easy way:
o'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
the bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

11.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
and Death, sad refuge from the storms of fate!
The fond complaint, my song! disprove,
and justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night and all her sickly dews,
her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,

he gives to range the dreary sky:
till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, & glitt'ring shafts of war.

II 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
the Muse has broke the twilight gloom,
to cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.
And oft beneath the od'rous shade
of Chili's boundless forests laid,
she deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
in loose numbers wildly sweet,
their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
glory pursue, and gen'rous Shame,
th' unconquerable mind and Freedom's holy flame.

II 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
isles, that crown the Ægean deep,
fields, that cool Illissus laves,
or where Mæander's amber waves
in lingering lab'rinths creep,
how do your tuneful echoes languish,
mute, but to the voice of Anguish!
where each old poetic mountain
inspiration breath'd around;
every shade and hallow'd fountain
murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant power,
and coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
they sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III 1.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
in thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
what time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
to him the mighty mother did unveil
her awful face: the dauntless child
stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
richly paint the vernal year:
thine too, these golden keys, immortal boy!
this can unlock the gates of joy;
of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III 2.

Nor second he, that rode sublime
upon the seraph-wings of Ecstacy,
the secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:
the living throne, the sapphire blaze,
where angels tremble while they gaze,
he saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
wide o'er the fields of glory bear
two coursers of ethereal race, [pace.
with necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding

III 3.

Hark! his hands the lyre explore!
bright-eyed Fancy hov'ring o'er,
scatters from her pictur'd urn
thoughts that breathe and words that burn.
But ah! 't is heard no more—
oh, Lyre divine! what daring spirit,
wakes thee now? tho' he inherit

nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
that the Theban Eagle bear,
sailing with supreme dominion
through the azure deep of air:
yet oft before his infant eyes would run
such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
with orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC.

[The following Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.]

I 1.

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
confusion on thy banners wait;
tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
they mock the air with idle state!
Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail,
nor even thy virtues, tyrant! shall avail
to save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
from Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested Pride
of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
as down the steep of Snowden's shaggy side
he wound with toilsome march his long array.

Stout Glos'ter stood aghast in speechless trance;
to arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

I 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
with haggard eyes the poet stood;
(loose his beard, and hoary hair
stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air;)
and with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
o'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
to high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I 3.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
that hush'd the stormy main:
brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
mountains! ye mourn in vain,
Modred, whose magic song
made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
the famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,

I see them sit, they linger yet,
avengers of their native land:
with me in dreadful harmony they join,
and weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.'

II 1.

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
the winding sheet of Edward's race,
give ample room, and verge enough
the characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
when Severn shall re-echo with affright.
The shrieks of death thro' Berkley's roof that ring,
shrieks of an agonizing king:
she-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
that tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
from thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
the scourge of heaven. What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
and Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II 2.

" Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
low on his funeral couch he lies!
no pitying heart, no eye, afford
a tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm that in the noon-tide beam were born;
gone to salute the rising Morn.
Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
while proudly riding o'er the azue realm
in gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
that, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

II 3.

" Fill high the sparkling bowl,
the rich repast prepare,
'reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast;
close by the regal chair
fell Thirst and Famine scowl
a baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
and through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius! London's lasting shame,
with many a foul and midnight murder fed,
revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
and spare the meek usurper's holy head.
Above, below, the rose of snow,
twin'd with her blushing foe we spread!
The bristled boar, in infant gore,
wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers! bending o'er th' accursed loom,
stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III 1.

" Edward! lo! to sudden fate
(weave we the woof. The thread is spun),
half of thy heart we consecrate
(the web is wove. The work is done)."
' Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn,
leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
in yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
they melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
descending slow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?
Visions of glory! spare my aching sight,
ye unborn ages! crowd not on my soul:
no more our long lost Arthur we bewail.

All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's issue, hail!

III 2.

'Girt with many a baron bold
sublime their starry fronts they rear;
and gorgeous dames, and statesmen old,
in bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine!
her eye proclaims her of the Briton line;
her lion port, her awe-commanding face,
attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air!
what strains of vocal transport round her play!
hear from the grave, great Talliessin! hear!
they breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd wings.

III 3.

'The verse adorn again
fierce War, and faithful Love,
and Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest,
in buskin'd measures move
pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
with Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice, as of the cherub choir,
gales from blooming Eden bear;
and distant warblings lessen on my ear,
that lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
to-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
and warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: with joy I see
the different doom our fates assign.
Be thine Despair, and scepter'd Care;
to triumph and to die are mine.'

He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height,
deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

For Music.

[This ode was performed in the Senate-house, Cambridge. July 1, 1769, at the Installation of his Grace Augustus-Henry-Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University. Set by Dr. Randall.]

AIR.

" Hence, avaunt! ('t is holy ground)
Comus and his midnight crew,
and Ignorance with looks profound,
and dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
mad Sedition's cry profane,
Servitude that hugs her chain,
nor in these consecrated bowers,
let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent-train in flowers;

CHORUS.

nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
dare the Muse's walk to stain,
while bright-ey'd Science watches round:
hence, away! 't is holy ground."

RECITATIVE.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
bursts on my ear th' indignant lay;
there sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,
the few whom Genius gave to shine
through every unborn age and undiscover'd clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they,
yet hither oft a glance from high
they send of tender sympathy
to bless the place where on their op'ning soul
first the genuine ardour stole.

'T was Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
and, as the choral warblings round him swell,
meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
and nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

AIR.

'Ye brown o'er-arching groves!
that contemplation loves,
where Willowy Camus lingers with delight,
oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn,
oft would the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
in cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
with Freedom by my side and soft-ey'd Melancholy.'

RECITATIVE.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth,
with solemn steps and slow,
high potentates, and dames of royal birth,
and mitred fathers in long order go:
great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
from haughty Gallia torn,
and sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn,
that wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare,
and Anjou's Heroine, and the paler Rose,
the rival of her crown, and of her woes,
and either Henry there,
the murder'd saint, and the majestic lord,
that broke the bonds of Rome.
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
their human passions now no more,
save charity, that glows beyond the tomb.)

ACCOMPANIED.

All that on Granta's fruitful plain
rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,

and bade these awful fanes and turrets rise
to hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
and thus they speak in soft accord
the liquid language of the skies:

QUARTETTO.

'What is grandeur, what is power?
heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?
the grateful mem'ry of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
the bee's collected treasures sweet,
sweet Music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
the still small voice of Gratitude.'

RECITATIVE.

Foremost, and leaning from her golden cloud,
the venerable Marg'ret see!
'Welcome, my noble son!' she cries aloud,
'to this thy kindred train and me:
pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
a Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.

AIR.

Thy lib'ral heart, thy judging eye,
the flower unheeded shall descry,
and bid it round heaven's altars shed
the fragrance of it's blushing head;
shall raise from earth the latent gem
to glitter on the diadem.

RECITATIVE.

'Lo! Granta waits to lead her blooming band;
not obvious, not obtrusive, she
no vulgar praise no venal incense flings,
nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd

profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
she reveres herself and thee.
With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow
the laureate wreath that Cecil wore she brings,
and to thy just thy gentle hand
submits the fasces of her sway;
while spirits blest above, and men below,
join with glad voice the loud symphonius lay.

GRAND CHORUS.

'Through the wild waves, as they roar,
with watchful eye, and dauntless mien,
thy steady course of honour keep,
nor fears the rock nor seek the shore:
the star of Brunswick smiles serene,
and gilds the horrors of the deep.'

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN,

a Fragment,

[From Mr. Evans's "Specimen of the Welsh Poetry," London, 1764, quarto. Owen succeeded his father Griffin in the principality of North Wales, A. D. 1120; this battle was fought near forty years afterwards.]

Owen's praise demands my song,
Owen swift and Owen strong,
fairest flower of Rod'rick's stem,
Gwyneth's * shield and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores
nor on all profusely pours,
lord of every regal art,
liberal hand and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
squadrons three against him came,
this the force of Eirin hiding,

* North Wales.

side by side as proudly riding
on her shadow long and gay
Lochlin † plows the watry way;
there the Norman sails afar,
catch the winds and join the war,
black and huge along they sweep,
burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands,
the Dragon son ‡ of Mona stands;
in glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
high he rears his ruby crest:
there the thund'ring strokes begin,
there the press and there the din.
Talymalfra's rocky shore
echoing to the battle's roar.
Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood
backward Menai rolls his flood,
while, heap'd his master's feet around,
prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
thousand banners round him burn,
where he points his purple spear,
hasty, hasty Rout is there,
marking with indignant eye,
fear to stop and shame to fly:
there Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable Death.
* * * * * * *

† Denmark.

‡ The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners.

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

[From the Welsh of Aneurim, styled the Monarch of the Bards. He flourished about the time of Taliessin, A. D. 570. This Ode is extracted from the "Gododin." See Mr. Evans's "Specimens," p. 71, 73.]

Had I but the torrent's might,
with headlong rage and wild affright
upon Deïra's squadrons hurl'd
to rush and sweep them from the world!

Too, too secure in youthful pride
by them my friend, my Hoel, dy'd,
great Cian's son; of Madoc old,
he ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold;
alone in Nature's wealth array'd,
he ask'd and had the lovely maid.

To Cattraeth's vale in glitt'ring row,
twice two hundred warriors go;
every warrior's manly neck
chains of regal honour deck,
wreath'd in many a golden link:
from the golden cup they drink
nectar that the bees produce
or the grape's ecstatic juice.
Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn,
but none from Cattraeth's vale return.
Save Aëron brave and Conan strong,
(bursting through the bloody throng)
and I the meanest of them all,
that live to weep and sing their fall.

EPITAPH ON MRS. CLARKE.

[This lady, the wife of Dr. Clarke, a physician at Epsom, died April 27, 1757; and is buried in the church of Beckenham, Kent.]

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
a friend, a wife, a mother sleeps;
a heart within whose sacred cell
the peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell.
Affection warm, and Faith sincere,
and soft Humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
she felt the wound she left behind.
Her infant image, here below,
sits smiling on a father's woe:
whom what awaits, while yet he strays
along this lonely vale of days?
a pang to secret sorrow dear;
a sigh; an unavailing tear;
till time shall every grief remove,
with life, with memory, and with love.

GRAY OF HIMSELF,

written in 1761, and found in one of his pocket-books.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune,
he had not the method of making a fortune;
could love, & could hate, so was thought somewhat odd,
no very great wit, he believed in a God:
a post or a pension he did not desire,
but left church and state to Charles Townshend and Squire.

ELEGY
WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
the lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
the plowman homeward plods his weary way,
and leaves the world to darkness, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
and all the air a solemn stillness holds,
save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
and drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
the moping owl does to the moon complain
of such, as wand'ring near her secret bower,
molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
the swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
the cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
no more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
or busy housewife ply her evening care;
no children run to lisp their sire's return,
or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
how jocund did they drive their team afield!
how bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
the short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
and all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
await alike th' inevitable hour:
the paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud! impute to these the fault,
if Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
where through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault,
the pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust,
back to it's mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
or Flattery sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
or wak'd to ecstacy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
and froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
the dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear:
full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
and waste it's sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
the little tyrant of his fields withsood;
some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
the threats of Pain and Ruin to despise,
to scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
and read their history in a nation's eyes,

their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
and shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

the struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
to quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
with incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
along the cool sequester'd vale of life
they kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
some frail memorial still erected nigh,
with uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
the place of fame and elegy supply;
and many a holy text around she strews,
that teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
this pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
some pious drops the closing eye requires:
ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonour'd dead,
dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
if chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate;

haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
to meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
that wreathes it's old fantastic roots so high,
his listless length at noontide would he stretch,
and pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

'One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
along the heath and near his favourite tree;
another came; nor yet beside the rill,
nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

'the next with dirges due, in sad array,
slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth;
a youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
and Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:

he gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear;
he gain'd from Heaven, 't was all he wish'd, a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(there they alike in trembling hope repose),
the bosom of his Father and his God,

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G. Nicholson, Ponghnill.

POEMS

by

GEO. LORD LYTTELTON,

containing

PROGRESS OF LOVE, | MONODY, EPISTLES, &c. &c. &c.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

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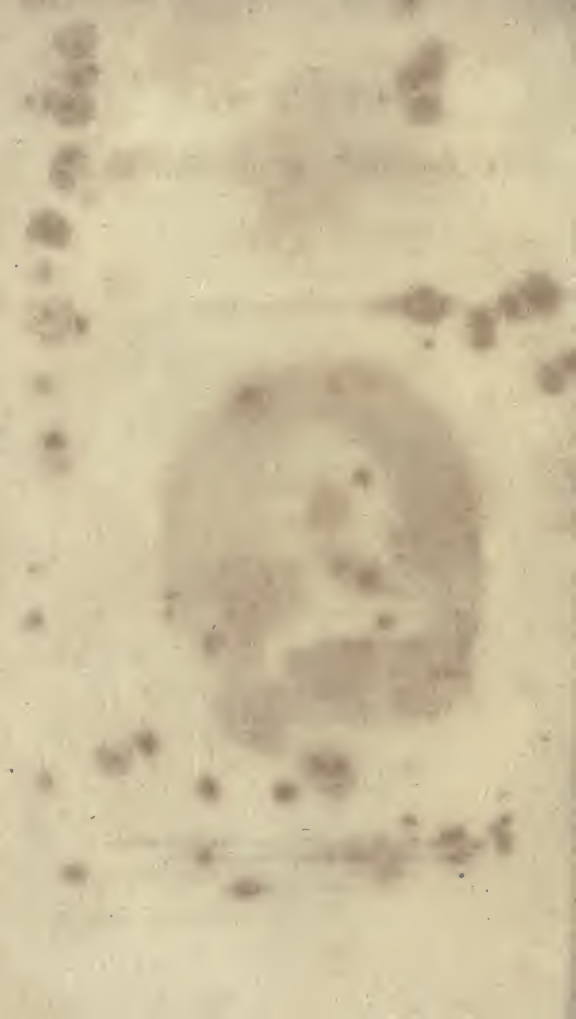

THE LIFE OF LYTTELTON.

George Lyttelton, afterwards Lord Lyttelton, the eldest son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, bart. of Hagley, descended from the great judge Lyttelton, was born January 17, 1708-9, at seven months; and the midwife supposing him to be dead, threw him carelessly into the cradle, but one of the attendants discovering signs of life, he was immediately attended to and recovered. He received the elements of his education at Eton School, where his exercises were recommended by the masters, to the scholars in the same class, as models of excellence, and where his *Progress of Love*, and some other light pieces, were written. From Eton he was removed to Christ-Church, Oxford, where he pursued his classical studies with uncommon avidity. He here sketched the plan of his *Persian Letters*, and gave to the public a poem called *Blenheim*, written in 1727. In 1728, he began to travel, and visited France and Italy, but resided some time at Luneville, in Lorraine, as appears from his *Letters to his Father*, in which he describes the places he visited, and relates some of the principal incidents of his journey. At Paris he employed much of his time in the cultivation of his poetical talents, and wrote a manly and correct *Epistle to Dr. Ayscough*, who had been his tutor at Oxford, who afterwards married his aunt, was appointed tutor to the young princes, and promoted to the deanery of Bristol. At Paris he accidentally became

acquainted with the honourable Mr. Poyntz, then British minister at the court of Versailles; who was so struck with the extraordinary capacity of our young traveler, that he invited him to his house, and engaged him in many political negociations, which Lyttelton executed with great judgment and fidelity. Mr. Lyttelton's conduct, while on his travels, deserves to be exhibited as a lesson of instruction. Instead of lounging away his hours at the coffee-houses frequented by the English, and adopting the fashionable follies and vices of France and Italy, his time was passed alternately in his library and in the society of men of rank and literature. After continuing a considerable time at Paris with Mr. Poyntz, who, to use his own words, behaved like a second father to him, he proceeded to Lyons and Geneva; and from thence to Turin, where he was honoured with great marks of friendship by his Sardinian Majesty. He then visted Milan, Venice, Genoa, and Rome; where he applied himself closely to the study of the fine arts; and was even in that celebrated metropolis, allowed a perfect judge of painting, sculpture, and architecture. In 1730, he wrote a a poetical *Epistle to Pope*, from Rome. During his continuance abroad he constantly corresponded with Sir Thomas, his father. Several of his letters, yet remaining, place his filial affection in the most distinguished light. On his return to England, in 1730, he addressed an *Epistle to Lord Hervey*, from Hagley in Worcestershire. He soon after obtained a seat in parliament for the borough of Oakhampton in Devonshire, and distinguished himself among the most strenuous opposers of Sir Robert Walpole, tho' his father enjoyed a lucrative employment under

government, and was, of course, pledged to vote with the court; Lyttelton, however, behaved so much to the satisfaction of his constituents, that they several times re-elected him for the same place, without putting him to the least expense. He became popular for his parliamentary abilities, insomuch that for several years the name of Lyttelton appeared in every account of the debates in the House of Commons. He opposed the standing army; he opposed the excise; he supported the motion for petitioning the King to remove Walpole; and was, on all occasions, an able coadjutor with Pultenay, Pitt, &c., in every measure of opposition. His zeal for the public good, is the only motive which can justify the violence of his opposition to Walpole from the charge of ingratitude, for it appears, from a letter to his father, dated at Luneville, that Walpole's recommendation procured him the friendship of Prince Craon. In 1735, he published his *Persian Letters*, in imitation of those of Montesquieu, whom he had known in England; a work which procured him great reputation, not only from the elegance of their style, but from the excellent observations they contain on the manners of mankind.

In 1737, Frederick Prince of Wales, father of his present Majesty, having incurred the displeasure of his father, quitted St. James's, established a separate court, and received, with open arms, the opponents of the minister. Mr. Lyttelton received from this prince considerable marks of friendship. On the resignation of Pelham, he was made his secretary. He persuaded the prince to patronize literature; and by his recommendation, Mallet was made under secretary, with £200; and Thomson had a pension of

£100 a year. For Thomson he always retained the warmest friendship, and procured him the place of surveyor general of the Leward Islands. Moore courted his favour by an apologetical poem, called the "Trial of Selim, the Persian." He was paid for it, with kind words, which naturally raised great hopes, but he met, at last, with disappointment. Lyttelton became so powerful in the opposition cause, that he was considered one of it's principal supporters, and Pope, who was induced to deal largely his satire against the ministry, passed a high encomium on Lyttelton, as well as the other patriots of the day. This incurred the reproaches of administration, and particulary Mr. Henry Fox, who publicly and severely censured his intimacy with a lampooner so unjust and licentious. Lyttelton retorted with dignified spirit, that he deemed it most honourable to be admitted to the familiarity of a man of such genius and such accomplishments. Mr. Lyttelton's attention to public business did not, however, prevent him from exercising his poetical talent, or relaxing in social cheerfulness and extempore witticism. The following, as an instance may be worth adverting to. One evening being in company with Lord Cobham and others, at Stowe, his Lordship mentioned his design of putting up a bust of Lady Suffolk in his gardens; and, turning to Mr. Lyttelton, said, "George you must furnish me with a motto for it." "I will, my lord," answered Mr. Lyttelton; and immediately produced the following couplet:

> "Her wit and beauty for a court were made,
> but truth and goodness fit her for a shade."

Miss Lucy Fortesque, a most amiable and accomplished young lady, inspired him with a passion,

which produced several little pieces, remarkable for their tenderness and elegance; to whom he was married in 1741. She was daughter of Hugh Fortesque, esq. of Filleigh, in Devonshire. Her congenial disposition, enlightened mind, delicacy, sympathy, and manner of life, rendered this ratification of friendship, most grateful to the soul of Lyttelton, which was ever attuned to the modulations of delicate sensibility. Walpole, after a long struggle, being driven from his places, Lyttelton was, in 1744, made one of the lords of the treasury, and, as is not uncommon with courtiers, from that time as warmly supported, as he had formerly opposed, the schemes of the ministry. In this station he exerted his influence in rewarding merit and ability. He was the friend and patron, not only of Pope, Mallet, and Thomson, but of Henry Fielding, Dr. Young, Mr. Hammond, Mr. West, and Voltaire. On the death of Mr. Thomson, who left his affairs in a very embarrassed condition, Mr. Lyttelton took that poet's sister under his protection. He revised the tragedy of Coriolanus, which that writer had not put his last hand to; and brought it out at Covent-garden theatre, with a *Prologue* of his own, in which he so affectingly lamented the loss of that delightful bard, that not only Mr. Quin, who spoke it, but almost the whole audience, spontaneously burst into tears. Lyttelton appears to have been strongly susceptible of domestic and social repose; but human pleasures are transient, and lengthened happiness is a good incompatible with the fluctuations of mortality. They are acquisitions which mix so slightly in the concerns of life, that 'tis folly to calculate on their durability. Dr. Johnson has asserted, perhaps justly, that "Happiness was not

made for man." In the case of Lyttelton, the scanty limits of five years introduced a period

> "of grief surpassing every other woe,"

for his tenderly esteemed wife died in child-bed, in January 1747;

> "Clos'd were those beauteous eyes in endless night,
> those beauteous eyes, were beaming us'd to shine
> Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine."

He perpetuated her memory in a *Monody*, written in the same year, which will be read and admired while such an interchange of reason, sentiment, sympathy, and affection, as is there described, is experienced or understood, and while a taste for poetry exists. The offspring of this connection, was Thomas, the late Lord Lyttelton, and two daughters, Mary, who died an infant, and Lucy, who married Lord Viscount Valentia, of the kingdom of Ireland. The remains of Lady Lyttelton were deposited at Over-Arley in Worcestershire; and an elegant monument was erected to her memory in the church of Hagley, which contains the following *Inscription*, written by her husband.

To the
Memory of Lucy Lyttelton,
daughter of Hugh Fortescue, esq.
of Filleigh, in the county of Devon;
father to the present Earl of Clinton,
by Lucy his wife,
the daughter of Matthew Lord Aylmer,
who departed this life the 19th of Jan. 1746-7,
aged 29,
having employed the short time allowed her here, in the uniform practice
of religion and virtue.

Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes,
tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wise;
polite, as all her life in courts had been;
yet go od as she the world had never seen.

The noble fire of an exalted mind,
with gentlest female tenderness combin'd:
her speech was the melodious voice of love,
her song, the warbling of the vernal grove;
her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
her form each beauty of her mind express'd;
her mind was virtue by the graces dress'd.

Tho' for a time inconsolable for her loss, he sought happiness or amusement in a second marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of field-marshal Sir Robert Rich, in 1749. "She was an intimate and dear friend," says Mr. West, in a letter to Dr. Doddridge, June 17, 1749, "of his former wife's, which is some kind of proof of her merit. I mean the goodness of her heart, for that is the chief merit which Mr. Lyttelton esteems, and I hope she will not in this disappoint his expectations: in all other points she is well suited to him, being extremely accomplished in languages, music, painting; and very sensible, and well-bred." This experiment, however, was unsuccessful; they parted, a few years afterwards, by mutual consent. He had no issue by this lady. When weary with faction and debate, Lyttelton used very often, with Pitt, to visit his cousin West at Wickham, who was a zealous advocate for the cause of Christianity, from whose conversation it is said, he received that conviction of the truth of Christianity, which produced, in 1747, his *Dissertation on the Conversion of St. Paul;* "a treatise," says Dr. Johnson, "to which infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer." In 1751, his father died, when he inherited a baronet's title, with a large estate, which, if he did not augment, he was attentive to adorn with expensive buildings and rural decorations.

Hagley-park, the scene of these rural improvements is certainly a terrestrial paradise. As Lyttelton continued active in parliamentary business, he gradually advanced his claim to preferment. Accordingly, in 1754, he resigned his seat at the Treasury Board, on being appointed Cofferer to the Household, and Privy Counsellor. In December 20, 1755, he exchanged the place of Cofferer, for the great office of Chancellor of the Exchequer; an office however, that required some qualifications, which he soon perceived himself to want; and which he retained only till the appointment of Mr. Legge, Nov. 16, 1756. In 1757, he made a journey into Wales, of which he has given a pleasing account, in two *Letters to Mr. Archibald Bower*, the celebrated historian of the popes, a man whose profession of protestantism he firmly believed, and whose interest and fame, having once espoused, he never was persuaded to disown. When the inauspicious commencement of the war with France rendered the dissolution of the ministry inevitable, Lyttelton lost his employment with the rest of his colleagues, but his services were recompensed with a peerage, being created Baron Lyttleton of Frankley, in the country of Worcester.

His speeches on the Scotch and mutiny bills in the year 1747, on the Jew bill in 1753, and on the privilege of parliament 1763, discovered sound judgment, powerful eloquence, and inflexible integrity.

In 1760, he published his *Dialogues of the Dead*, which were eagerly read, tho' they appear to be the production more of leisure than of study; rather effusions than compositions: they shew the elegance of his taste, rather than the power of his genius, or the strength of his judgment. He has copied Fenelon more than

Fontenelle. His last and more elaborate literary production, was the *History of Henry the second*, in 3 vol. 4to. 1767 and 1771; the result of researches and deliberations of the space of twenty years. The account of this publication, as given by Johnson, is remarkable. "The whole work was printed twice over, a great part of it three times, and many sheets four or five times. The booksellers paid for the first impression; but the charges and repeated operations of the press were at the expense of the author, whose ambitious accuracy is known to have cost him at least a thousand pounds. He began to print in 1755. Three volumes appeared in 1764, a second edition of them in 1767, a third edition in 1768, and the conclusion in 1771. Andrew Reid, a man not without considerable abilities, and not unacquainted with letters or with life, undertook to persuade Lyttelton, as he had persuaded himself, that he was master of the secret of punctuation; and, as fear begets credulity, he was employed, I know not at what price, to point the pages of *Henry the second*. The book was at last pointed and printed, and sent into the world. Lyttelton took money for his copy, of which when he had paid the *pointer*, he probably gave the rest away; for he was very liberal to the indigent. "When time brought the *History* to a third edition, Reid was either dead or discarded; and the superintendence of typography and punctuation was committed to a man originally a comb-maker, but then known by the style of Doctor. Something uncommon was probably expected, and something uncommon was at last done; for to the Doctor's edition is appended, what the world had hardly seen before, a list of errors in nineteen pages." It is sincerely to be wished,

that in this passage Dr. Johnson had attended to his own humane maxim, in the life of Addison, "of not giving a pang to a daughter, a brother, or a friend." The nice attention to punctuation with which *Henry the second* was published, is attributed, by Johnson, to "such anxiety as only vanity can dictate," even when good motives were avowed by the author, and known by his friends; such as his desire to correct mistakes, his fear of being too harsh on some characters, and other laudable motives. This work is justly ranked among the most valuable historical performances in the English language. It is executed with great fidelity, and with a strict regard to the authority of original writers. The style is perspicuous and unaffected; generally correct, and often masterly. The sentiments and remarks are judicious and pertinent, liberal with respect to religion, and friendly to the cause of liberty and the rights of mankind. The account of our ancient government, laws, customs, and manners, is very copious and eminently useful, so as to make the work strictly and properly a constitutional history. During the last ten years of his life, Lyttelton lived chiefly in retirement, and in the exercise of all the virtues which can ennoble private life. Our author, according to Dr Johnson, had never the appearance of a strong or a healthy man; having a slender uncompacted frame, and a meagre face. After a lingering illness, he died at Hagley-park, his favourite seat, August 22, 1773, in the 64th year of his age. He was buried at Hagley; and the following inscription was cut on a plain marble slab, and placed in the wall near the communion table.

"This unadorned stone was placed here
by the particular desire and express directions of the
Right Honourable
GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON;
who died August 22, 1773, aged 64."

An affecting narrative of his death has been given by his physician Dr. Johnstone, of Kidderminster, which is here subjoined. "On Sunday evening the symptoms of his lordship's disorder, which for a week past had alarmed us, put on a fatal appearance, and his lordship believed himself to be a dying man. From this time he suffered by restlessness rather than pain; tho' his nerves were apparently much fluttered, his mental faculties never seemed stronger. "His lordship's bilious and hepatic complaints seemed alone not equal to the expected mournful event; his long want of sleep, whether the consequence of the irritation in the bowels, or, which is more probable, of causes of a different kind, accounts for his loss of strength, and for his death, very sufficiently. "Tho' his lordship wished his approaching dissolution not to be lingering, he waited for it with resignation. He said, "It is folly, by keeping me in misery, to attempt to prolong life;" yet he was easily persuaded, for the satisfaction of others, to do or take any thing thought proper for him. On Saturday he had been remarkably better, and we were not without some hopes of his recovery.

"On Sunday, about eleven in the forenoon, his lordship sent for me, and said he felt great perturbation, and wished to have a little conversation with me in order to divert it. He then proceeded to open the fountain of that heart, from whence goodness had long flowed as from a copious spring. "Doctor," said

he, "you shall be my confessor: when I first set out in the world, I had friends who endeavoured to shake my belief in the Christian religion. I saw difficulties which staggered me; but I kept my mind open to conviction. The evidences and doctrines of Christianity, studied with attention, made me a most firm and persuaded believer of the Christian religion. I have made it the rule of my life, and it is the ground of my future hopes. I have erred and sinned; but have repented, and never indulged any vicious habit. In politics, and public life, I have made public good the rule of my conduct. I never gave counsels which I did not at the time think the best. I have seen that I was sometimes in the wrong, but I did not err designedly. I have endeavoured, in private life, to do all the good in my power, and never, for a moment, could indulge malicious or unjust designs on any person whatsoever.' "At another time he said, "I must leave my soul in the same state it was in before this illness; I find this a very inconvenient time for solicitude about any thing." "On the evening when the symptoms of death came on, he said, "I shall die; but it will not be your fault.' When lord and lady Valentia came to see his lordship, he gave them his solemn benediction, and said, "Be good, be virtuous, my lord; you must come to this." Thus he continued giving his dying benediction to all around him. On monday morning a lucid interval gave some small hopes, but these vanished in the evening; and he continued dying, but with very little uneasiness, till Tuesday morning, August 22, when between seven and eight o'clock he expired, almost without a groan." A small collection of "Poems, by a young Nobleman lately deceased," &c.

4to. 1780, has been attributed to Lord Lyttelton, and two small volumes of "Letters" are supposed to be the productions of his pen, which few have read without pleasure. They are generally accounted spurious, but in their composition, sentiment, and diction, they bear striking resemblances of his genius and turn of mind. "The Correspondents, an original novel," 12mo. 1775, which exhibits a series of letters, are supposed, on doubtful authority, to have passed between our author and Mrs. Peach. It is certain these letters bear a similarity of style, many marks of originality, and several references to time, place, and circumstance, not likely to be founded on fiction.

The works of George Lord Lyttelton, formerly printed separately, with some other Pieces never before printed, were collected and published by his nephew, George Edward Ayscough, esq. in one volume, 4to. 1774. The pieces formerly printed separately, and collected into this publication, are, *Observations on the Life of Cicero; Observations on the present state of Affairs, in a Letter to a Member of Parliament; Letters from a Persian in England, to his Friend at Ispahan; Observations on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul; Dialogues of the Dead; Miscellaneous Poems.* The pieces which were never before printed, are, *Observations on the Roman History; Four Dialogues of the Dead; Four Speeches in Parliament; Letters to Sir Thomas Lyttelton;* and *an Account of a Journey into Wales, in Two Letters to Mr. Bower.*

The character of George Lord Lyttelton, was held in universal estimation during his life, and his memory has been revered ever since his death. In the several characters of a judicious critic, an entertaining traveler, a wise and upright statesman, and a

good man, his reputation is so decisively fixed, and so firmly established, that it can receive little additional lustre from encomium or panegyric; and is in no danger of suffering from the attacks of criticism or censure. As a poet, his compositions are characterized by elegance, ease, and harmony, without much elevation, energy, or enthusiasm. His poetical character by Johnson is sparing and invidious. Of his *Progress of Love*, he remarks, that "it is sufficient blame to say it is pastoral!"

SOLILOQUY OF A BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY.

Written at Eton School.

'T was night, and Flavia to her room retir'd,
with ev'ning chat and sober reading tir'd,
there melancholy, pensive, and alone,
she meditates on the forsaken town;
on her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
she sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said:
"Ah! what avails it to be young and fair,
to move with negligence, to dress with care?
what worth have all the charms our pride can boast
if all in envious solitude are lost?
Where none admire 't is useless to excel;
where none are beaux 't is vain to be a belle:
beauty, like wit, to judges should be shown;
both most are valu'd where they best are known.
With ev'ry grace of nature or of art,
we cannot break one stubborn country heart,
the brutes, insensible, our power defy:
to love exceeds a 'squire's capacity.
The town, the court, is Beauty's proper sphere;
that is our heaven, and we are angels there:
in that gay circle thousand cupids rove:
the court of Britain is the court of Love.
How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,
how have my sparkling eyes their transport show'd,
at each distinguish'd birthnight ball to see
the homage due to empire paid to me!

When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
and dreaded mine more than the monarch's frown;
when rival statesmen for my favour strove,
less jealous in their power than in their love.
Chang'd is the scene, and all my glories die,
like flowers transplanted to a colder sky;
lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
the tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
In stupid indolence my life is spent,
supinely calm and dully innocent:
unbless'd I wear my useless time away,
sleep, wretched maid! all night and dream all day;
go at set hours to dinner and to prayer,
for dulness ever must be regular:
now with mamma at tedious whist I play,
now without scandal drink insipid tea,
or in the garden breathe the country air,
secure from meeting any tempter there.
From books to work from work to books I rove,
and am, alas! at leisure to improve.—
Is this the life a beauty ought to lead?
Were eyes so radiant only made to read?
These fingers, at whose touch ev'n age would glow,
are these of use for nothing but to sew?
Sure erring nature never could design
to form a housewife in a mould like mine!
O Venus! queen and guardian of the fair,
attend propitious to thy votry's prayer;
let me revisit the dear town again,
let me be seen!—Could I that wish obtain
all other wishes my own power would gain."

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

UNCERTAINTY. ECLOGUE I.

To Mr. Pope.

Pope! to whose reed beneath the beechen shade
the nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid,
while yet thy muse content with humbler praise
warbled in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays,
tho' now sublimely borne on Homer's wing
of glorious wars and godlike chiefs she sing,
wilt thou with me revisit once again
the crystal fountain and the flowery plain?
Wilt thou indulgent hear my verse relate
the various changes of a lover's state,
and while each turn of passion I pursue,
ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?

To the green margin of a lonely wood,
whose pendant shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,
young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,
full of the image of his beauteous maid;
his flock far off, unfed, untended lay,
to every savage a defenceless prey;
no sense of int'rest could their master move,
and every care seem'd trifling now but love:
awhile in pensive silence he remain'd,
but tho' his voice was mute his looks complain'd;
at length the thoughts within his bosom pent
forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

'Ye nymphs!' he cry'd, 'ye dryads! who so long

have favour'd Damon and inspir'd his song,
for whom retir'd I shun the gay resorts
of sportful cities and of pompous courts,
in vain I bid the restless world adieu,
to seek tranquillity and peace with you.
Tho' wild Ambition and destructive Rage
no factions here can form, no wars can wage,
tho' Envy frowns not on your humble shades,
nor Calumny your innocence invades,
yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breast,
too often violates your boasted rest,
with inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
and taints with bitterness each rural sweet.

'Ah luckless day! when first with fond surprise
on Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes,
then in wild tumults all my soul was tost,
then reason, liberty, at once were lost,
and every wish, and thought, and care, was gone,
but what my heart employ'd on her alone.
Then too she smil'd; can smiles our peace destroy,
those lovely children of Content and Joy?
How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe
from the same spring at the same moment flow?
Unhappy boy! these vain inquiries cease,
thought could not guard nor will restore thy peace;
indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,
and sooth the pain thou know'st not how to cure.
Come, flatt'ring Memory! and tell my heart
how kind she was, and with what pleasing art
she strove it's fondest wishes to obtain,
confirm her power and faster bind my chain.
If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band,
to me alone she gave her willing hand;
her partial taste if e'er I touch'd the lyre

still in my song found something to admire;
by none but her my crook with flowers was crown'd,
by none but her my brows with ivy bound;
the world that Damon was her choice believ'd,
the world, alas! like Damon was deceiv'd.
When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire
in words as soft as passion could inspire,
coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu.
The frighted hind who sees his ripen'd corn
up from the roots by sudden tempest torn,
whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,
feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.
Ah! how have I deserv'd, inhuman maid!
to have my faithful service thus repaid?
Were all the marks of kindness I receiv'd
but dreams of joy that charm'd me and deceiv'd?
or did you only nurse my growing love
that with more pain I might your hatred prove?
Sure guilty treachery no place could find
in such a gentle, such a gen'rous mind;
a maid brought up the woods and wilds among
could ne'er have learnt the art of courts so young:
no; let me rather think her anger feign'd,
still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd;
't was only modesty that seem'd disdain,
and her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain.'

Pleas'd with this flatt'ring thought, the love-sick boy
felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy,
back to his flock more cheerful he return'd,
when now the setting sun more fiercely burn'd,
blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
and light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.

HOPE. ECLOGUE II.

To Mr. Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe Regis.

Hear, Doddington! the notes which shepherds sing,
like those that warbling hail the genial spring:
nor Pan nor Phæbus tunes our artless reeds,
from Love alone their melody proceeds;
from Love Theocritus on Enna's plains
learnt the wild sweetness of his Doric strains;
young Maro, touch'd by his inspiring dart,
could charm each ear and soften every heart;
me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine
my rustic pipe in pleasing concert join.*

Damon no longer sought the silent shade,
no more in unfrequented paths he stray'd,
but call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,
and told his joy to all the rural throng.

'Blest be the hour,' he said, 'that happy hour,
when first I own'd my Delia's gentle power!
then gloomy discontent and pining care
forsook my breast and left soft wishes there;
soft wishes there they left and gay desires,
delightful languors and transporting fires,
where yonder limes combine to form a shade
these eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid;
there she appear'd on that auspicious day
when swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay:
she led the dance—Heavens! with what grace she mov'd!
who could have seen her then and not have lov'd?
I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,

* Mr. Doddington has written some very pretty love verses which have never been published. *Lyttelton.*

but glory'd in a happy captive's name,
nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,
but leave to brutes their savage liberty.

'And art thou then, fond youth! secure of joy?
can no reverse thy flatt'ring bliss destroy?
Has treach'rous Love no torment yet in store?
or hast thou never prov'd his fatal power?
Whence flow'd those tears that late bedew'd thy cheek?
why sigh'd thy heart as if it strove to break?
why were the desert rocks invok'd to hear
the plaintive accent of thy sad despair?
From Delia's rigour all those pains arose,
Delia! who now compassionates my woes,
who bids me hope, and in that charming word
has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.

Begin, my pipe! begin the gladsome lay,
a kiss from Delia shall thy music pay,
a kiss obtain'd, 'twixt struggling and consent,
given with forc'd anger and disguis'd content.
No laureate wreaths I ask to bind my brows,
such as the muse on lofty bards bestows;
let other swains to praise or fame aspire,
I from her lips my recompense require.

'Why stays my Delia in her secret bower?
light gales have chas'd the late impending shower,
th' emerging sun more bright his beams extends,
oppos'd it's beauteous arch the rainbow bends,
glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay,
the birds renew their songs on every spray;
come forth, my love! thy shepherd's joys to crown:
all nature smiles—will only Delia frown?

'Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
while every flower of every sweet they drain:
see how beneath yon hillock's shady steep,

the shelter'd herds on flowery couches sleep:
nor bees nor herds are half so blest as I,
if with my fond desires my love comply;
from Delia's lips a sweeter honey flows,
and on her bosom dwells more soft repose.

'Ah how, my dear! shall I deserve thy charms?
what gift can bribe thee to my longing arms?
A bird for thee in silken bands I hold,
whose yellow plumage shines like polish'd gold;
from distant isles the lovely stranger came,
and bears the fortunate Canaries' name;
in all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,
not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat:
accept of this, and could I add beside
what wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide;
if all the gems in eastern rocks were mine,
on thee alone their glitt'ring pride should shine:
but if thy mind no gifts have power to move,
Phœbus himself shall leave th' Aonian grove;
the tuneful Nine, who never sue in vain,
shall come sweet suppliants for their fav'rite swain;
for him each blue-ey'd Naiad of the flood,
for him each green-hair'd sister of the wood,
whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
his music calls to dance the night away.
And you, fair nymphs! companions of my love,
with whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,
I beg you recommend my faithful flame,
and let her often hear her shepherd's name:
shade all my faults from her enquiring sight,
and shew my merits in the fairest light;
my pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
and every friend shall claim a different lay.

'But see! in yonder glade the heav'nly fair

enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air.—
Ah! thither let me fly with eager feet:
adieu, my pipe! I go my love to meet.
O may I find her as we parted last,
and may each future hour be like the past!
So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
propitious Venus! on thy altars bleed.'

JEALOUSY. ECLOGUE III.

To Mr. Edward Walpole.

The gods, O Walpole! give no bliss sincere,
wealth is disturb'd by care, and power by fear.
Of all the passions that employ the mind,
in gentle love the sweetest joys we find,
yet e'en those joys dire Jealousy molests,
and blackens each fair image in our breasts.
O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart!
For thy own quiet think thy mistress just,
and wisely take thy happiness on trust.

Begin, my Muse! and Damon's woes rehearse
in wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.

On a romantic mountain's airy head
(while browsing goats at ease around him fed)
anxious he lay with jealous cares opprest,
distrust and anger lab'ring in his breast.—
The vale beneath a pleasing prospect yields
of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
through these a river rolls it's winding flood,
adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood;
here half-conceal'd in trees a cottage stands,
a castle there the op'ning plain commands;
beyond, a town with glitt'ring spires is crown'd,

and distant hills the wide horizon bound.
So charming was the scene, a while the swain
beheld delighted, and forgot his pain;
but soon the stings infix'd within his heart
with cruel force renew'd their raging smart:
his flowery wreath, which long with pride he wore,
the gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,
then cry'd, 'May all thy charms, ungrateful maid!
like these neglected roses droop and fade!
May angry heaven deform each guilty grace
that triumphs now in that deluding face!
those alter'd looks may every shepherd fly,
and ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I!

'Say, thou Inconstant! what has Damon done
to lose the heart his tedious pains had won?
Tell me what charms you in my rival find
against whose power no ties have strength to bind?
Has he, like me, with long obedience strove
to conquer your disdain, and merit love?
Has he with transport every smile ador'd,
and dy'd with grief at each ungentle word?
Ah, no! the conquest was obtain'd with ease;
he pleas'd you by not studying to please;
his careless indolence your pride alarm'd;
and, had he lov'd you more, he less had charm'd.

'O pain to think another shall possess
those balmy lips which I was wont to press!
another on her panting breast shall lie,
and catch sweet madness from her swimming eye!
I saw their friendly flocks together feed,
I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead;
would my clos'd eyes had sunk in endless night
ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful sight!
Where'er they pass be blasted every flower,

and hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour!—
Ah, wretched swain! could no examples move
thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love?
Hast thou not heard how poor Menalcas* dy'd,
a victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?
Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
lov'd by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov'd, in vain:
around his tomb their tears the Muses paid,
and all things mourn'd but the relentless maid.
Would I could die like him and be at peace!
these torments in the quiet grave would cease;
there my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would find,
and rest, as if my Delia still were kind.
No; let me live her falsehood to upbraid;
some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.—
Alas! what aid, fond swain! wouldst thou receive?
could thy heart bear to see it's Delia grieve?
Protect her Heaven! and let her never know
the slightest part of hapless Damon's woe:
I ask no vengeance from the powers above,
all I implore is never more to love.—
Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,
let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
Come, cool Indifference! and heal my breast;
weary'd at length I seek thy downy rest:
no turbulence of passion shall destroy
my future ease with flatt'ring hopes of joy.
Hear, mighty Pan! and all ye sylvans! hear
what by your guardian deities I swear;
no more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,
no more I 'll court the trait'ress to my arms;
not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
and she shall find that reason conquers love!'
Scarce had he spoke when through the lawn below

* See Mr. Gay's Dione.

alone he saw the beauteous Delia go;
at once transported he forgot his vow,
(such perjuries the laughing gods allow!)
down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew;
he found her kind and soon believ'd her true.

POSSESSION. ECLOGUE IV.

To Lord Cobham.

Cobham! to thee this rural lay I bring,
whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing.
Tho' far unequal to those polish'd strains
with which thy Congreve charm'd the list'ning plains,
yet shall it's music please thy partial ear, [dear,
and sooth thy breast with thoughts that once were
recal those years which time has thrown behind,
when smiling Love with Honour shar'd thy mind,
when all thy glorious days of prosperous fight
delighted less than one successful night:
the sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er,
and while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,
this theme may help to cheat the summer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
to Venus rais'd, a rustic altar stood,
to Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd
in friendly league to favour humankind.
With wanton Cupids in that happy shade
the gentle Virtues and mild Wisdom play'd;
nor there in sprightly Pleasure's genial train
lurk'd sick Disgust or late-repenting Pain,
nor Force nor Int'rest join'd unwilling hands,
but Love consenting ty'd the blissful bands.

Thither with glad devotion Damon came,
to thank the powers who bless'd his faithful flame;
two milkwhite doves he on their altar laid,
and thus to both his grateful homage paid:
'Hail, bounteous God! before whose hallow'd shrine
my Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,
while glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove:
and hail to thee, fair queen of young desires!
long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires
since Delia now can all it's warmth return,
as fondly languish and as fiercely burn.
'O the dear bloom of last propitious night!
O shade! more charming than the fairest light!
then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,
then all my pains one moment overpaid;
then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov'd,
which none can taste but who like me have lov'd.
Thou too, bright goddess! once in Ida's grove
didst not disdain to meet a shepherd's love:
with him while frisking lambs around you play'd,
conceal'd you sported in the secret shade:
scarce could Anchises' raptures equal mine,
and Delia's beauties only yield to thine.
'What are ye now, my once most valu'd joys?
insipid trifles all and childish toys.—
Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,
nor Colin's talk could please like Delia's kiss.
'Ye Muses! skill'd in every winning art,
teach me more deeply to engage her heart:
ye nymphs! to her your freshest roses bring,
and crown her with the pride of all the spring;
on all her days let health and peace attend;
may she ne'er want nor ever lose a friend!

may some new pleasure every hour employ,
but let her Damon be her highest joy!

'With thee, my love, for ever will I stay,
all night caress thee and admire all day;
in the same field our mingled flocks we 'll feed,
to the same spring our thirsty heifers lead;
together will we share the harvest toils,
together press the vine's autumnal spoils.
Delightful state! where peace and love combine
to bid our tranquil days unclouded shine!
Here limpid fountains roll through flowery meads,
here rising forests lift their verdant heads,
here let me wear my careless life away,
and in thy arms insensibly decay.

'When late old age our heads shall silver o'er,
and our slow pulses dance with joy no more,
when time no longer will thy beauties spare,
and only Damon's eye shall think thee fair,
then may the gentle hand of welcome Death
at one soft stroke deprive us both of breath!
May we beneath one common stone be laid,
and the same cypress both our ashes shade!
Perhaps some friendly muse in tender verse
shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse,
and future ages, with just envy mov'd,
be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd.'

ON GOOD HUMOUR.

Written at Eton School, 1729.

Tell me, ye sons of Phœbus, what is this
which all admire, but few, too few, possess?
a virtue 't is to ancient maids unknown,

and prudes who spy all faults except their own,
lov'd and defended by the brave and wise,
tho' knaves abuse it, and like fools despise.
Say, Wyndham! if 't is possible to tell,
what is the thing in which you most excel?
Hard is the question, for in all you please;
yet sure good-nature is your noblest praise:
secur'd by this, your parts no envy move,
for none can envy him whom all must love.
This magic power can make ev'n folly please,
this to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
and sweetens every charm in Celia's face.

ADVICE TO BELINDA.

The counsels of a friend, Belinda! hear,
too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
unlike the flatt'ries of a lover's pen,
such truths as women seldom learn from men;
nor think I praise you ill when thus I show
what female vanity might fear to know.
Some merit 's mine who dare to be sincere,
but greater your's sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
women, like princes, find few real friends;
all who approach them their own ends pursue;
lovers and ministers are seldom true:
hence oft from reason heedless beauty strays,
and the most trusted guide the most betrays;
hence by fond dreams of fancy'd power amus'd,
when most ye tyrannize you 're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest latest care,
your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair:

for this the toilet every thought employs,
hence all the toils of dress and all the joys;
for this hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
and each instructed feature has it's rule;
and yet how few have learnt when this is given
not to disgrace the partial boon of heaven!
How few, with all their pride of form, can move!
How few are lovely that are made for love!
Do you, my Fair! endeavour to possess
an elegance of mind as well as dress;
be that your ornament, and know to please
by graceful nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dang'rous wit a vain pretence,
but wisely rest content with modest sense,
for wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
too strong for feeble woman to sustain;
of those who claim it more than half have none,
and half of those who have it are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
nor think dishonesty a proof of parts:
for you the plainest is the wisest rule,
"a cunning woman is a knavish fool."

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
can raise your merit or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as statemen in disgrace
at ministers, because they wish their place.
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene,
without, all beauty, and all peace within;
the honour of a prude is rage and storm;
't is ugliness in it's most frightful form;
fiercely it stands defying gods and men,
as fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
a woman's noblest station is retreat;

her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
domestic worth, which shuns too strong a light.
To rougher man ambition's task resign;
't is our's in senates or in courts to shine,
to labour for a sunk corrupted state,
or dare the rage of Envy and be great.
One only care your gentle breast should move;
th' important bus'ness of your life is love:
to this great point direct your constant aim,
this makes your happiness and this your fame.
Be never cool reserve with passion join'd;
with caution chuse, but then be fondly kind;
the selfish heart that but by halves is given,
shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven;
here sweet extremes alone can truly bless:
the virtue of a lover is excess.
A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame;
not loving first, but loving wrong, is shame.
Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
nor think that conquest justifies disdain:
short is the period of insulting power;
offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour,
soon will resume the empire which he gave,
and soon the tyrant shall become the slave.
Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
whose soul, entire by him she loves possest,
feels every vanity in fondness lost,
and asks no power but that of pleasing most:
her's is the bliss, in just return, to prove
the honest warmth of undissembled love;
for her inconstant man might cease to range,
and gratitude forbid desire to change.
But lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
and roughly blight the tender buds of joy,

let reason teach what passion fain would hide,
that Hymen's bands by Prudence should be ty'd.
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown
if angry Fortune on their union frown;
soon will the flatt'ring dream of bliss be o'er,
and cloy'd imagination cheat no more:
then waking to the sense of lasting pain
with mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain,
and that fond love which should afford relief
does but increase the anguish of their grief,
while both could easier their own sorrows bear
then the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
than sell your violated charms for gain,
than wed the wretch whom you despise or hate
for the vain glare of useless wealth or state.
The most abandon'd prostitutes are they
who not to love but av'rice fall a prey:
nor aught avails the specious name of wife;
a maid so wedded is a whore for life.

Ev'n in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heaven
has equal love and easy fortune given,
think not the husband gain'd that all is done;
the prize of happiness must still be won;
and oft the careless find it to their cost
the lover in the husband may be lost:
the graces might alone his heart allure;
they and the virtues meeting must secure.

Let ev'n your prudence wear the pleasing dress
of care for him and anxious tenderness.
From kind concern about his weal or woe
let each domestic duty seem to flow.
The household sceptre if he bids you bear,
make it your pride his servant to appear:

endearing thus the common acts of life
the mistress still shall charm him in the wife,
and wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on
before his eyes perceive one beauty gone;
ev'n o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
his constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda! would your charms improve,
and form your heart to all the arts of love:
the task were harder to secure my own
against the power of those already known,
for well you twist the secret chains that bind
with gentle force the captivated mind,
skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
each flattering hope and each alluring joy.
I own your genius, and from you receive
the rules of pleasing which to you I give.

TO THE MEMORY OF LADY LYTTELTON,

A MONODY.

"Ipse cava solans ægrum testudine amorem,
te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
te veniente die, te decedente canabat."

At length escap'd from every human eye,
from every duty, every care,
that in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
or force my tears their flowing stream to dry,
beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
this lone retreat for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
and pour forth all my stores of grief;
of grief surpassing every other woe
far as the purest bliss the happiest love
can on the enobled mind bestow

exceeds the vulgar joys which move
our gross desires inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves! ye gently falling rills!
ye high o'er-shadowing hills!
ye lawns! gay smiling with eternal green,
oft have you my Lucy seen!
but never shall you now behold her more,
nor will she now with fond delight
and taste refin'd your rural charms explore:
clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
those beauteous eyes, where beaming us'd to shine
reason's pure light and virtue's spark divine.

Oft would the dryads of these woods rejoice
to hear her heavenly voice;
for her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
the sweetest songsters of the spring,
the woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more,
the nightingale was mute,
and every shepherd's flute
was cast in silent scorn away,
while all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets! now resume your song,
and thou melodious Philomel!
again thy plaintive story tell,
for death has stopt that tuneful tongue
whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

In vain I look around
o'er all the well-known ground,
my Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry,
where oft we us'd to walk,
where oft, in tender talk,
we saw the summer sun go down the sky;
nor by yon fountain's side,
nor where it's waters glide,

along the valley can she now be found.
In all the wide stretch'd prospect's ample bound
no more my mournful eye
can aught of her espy
but the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O shades of Hagley! where is now your boast?
your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
where female vanity might wish to shine,
the pomp of cities and the pride of courts:
her modest beauties shun'd the public eye:
to your sequester'd dales
and flower-embroider'd vales,
from an admiring world she chose to fly;
with nature there retir'd and nature's God
the silent paths of wisdom trod,
and banish'd every passion from her breast
but those, the gentlest and the best,
whose holy flames with energy divine
the virtuous heart enliven and improve,
the conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes! who like the little playful fawns,
were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
by your delighted mother's side,
who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand, whose tender care
to every virtue would have fram'd your youth,
and strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
O loss beyond repair!
O wretched father! left alone
to weep their dire misfortune and thy own!
How shall thy weakened mind oppress'd with woe,
and drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,

perform the duties that you doubly owe,
now she, alas! is gone,
from folly and from vice their helpless age to save?

Where were ye, Muses! when relentless Fate
from these fond arms your fair disciple tore,
from these fond arms, that vainly strove,
with hapless ineffectual love,
to guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
Could not your fav'ring power, Aönian maids!
could not, alas! your power prolong her date,
for whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
you open'd all your sacred store,
whate'er your ancient sages taught,
your ancient bards sublimely thought,
and bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow?

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
or Aganippe's fount, your steps detain,
nor in the Thespian vallies did you play,
nor then on Mincio's* bank,
beset with oziers dank,
nor where Clitumnus † rolls his gentle stream,
nor where though hanging woods
steep Anio ‡ pours his floods,
nor yet where Meles || or Illissus ¶ stray.
Ill does it now beseem
that of your guardian care bereft
to dire disease and death your darling should be left.

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.
† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.
‡ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.
|| The Meles is a river of Iona, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on it's banks, is called Melesigenes.
¶ The Illissus is a river at Athens.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
when light fantastic toys
are all her sex's joys,
with you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome,
and all that in her latter days
to emulate her ancient praise
Italia's happy genius could produce,
or what the gallic fire
bright sparkling could inspire,
by all the Graces temper'd and refin'd,
or what in Britain's isle,
most favour'd with your smile,
the powers of reason and of fancy join'd
to full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
Ah! what is now the use
of all these treasures which enrich'd her mind,
to black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd?

At least, ye Nine! her spotless name
't is your's from death to save,
and in the temple of immortal Fame
with golden characters her worth engrave,
Come then, ye Virgin Sisters! come,
and strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd tomb;
but foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
with accents sweet and sad,
thou, plaintive muse! whom o'er his Laura's urn
unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn,
O come! and to this fairer Laura pay
a more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace!
how eloquent in every look
through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!

Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd
left all the taint of modish vice behind,
and made each charm of polish'd courts agree
with candid Truth's simplicity
and uncorrupted Innocence!
Tell how to more than manly sense
she join'd the soft'ning influence
of more than female tenderness!
How in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy
which oft the care of others' good destroy,
her kindly melting heart
to every want and ev'ry woe,
to Guilt itself, when in distress,
the balm of pity would impart,
and all relief that bounty could bestow!
e'en for the kid or lamb that pour'd it's life
beneath the bloody knife
her gentle tears would fall,
tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all!

Not only good and kind,
but strong and elevated was her mind;
a spirit that with noble pride
could look superior down
on Fortune's smile or frown;
that could without regret or pain
to Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
or Int'rest or Ambition's highest prize;
that injur'd or offended never try'd
it's dignity by vengeance to maintain,
but by magnanimous disdain;
a wit which temperately bright
with inoffensive light
all pleasing shone, nor ever past
the decent bounds which Wisdom's sober hand,

and sweet Benevolence's mild command,
and bashful Modesty, before it cast;
a prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
which nor too little nor too much believ'd,
which scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
and, without weakness, knew to be sincere!
Such Lucy was, when in her fairest days,
amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,
in life's and glory's freshest bloom,
death came remorseless on and sunk her to the tomb.

So where the silent streams of Liris glide
in the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
when now the wintry tempests all are fled
and genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
the verdant orange lifts it's beauteous head,
from every branch the balmy flowrets rise,
on every bough the golden fruits are seen,
with odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
the wood-nymphs tend it and th' Idalian queen,
but in the midst of all it's blooming pride
a sudden blast from Appeninus blows
cold with perpetual snows,
the tender blighted plant shrinks up it's leaves and dies.

Arise, O Petrarch! from the Elysian bowers,
with never-fading myrtles twin'd,
and fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
tun'd by thy skilful hand
to the soft notes of elegant desire,
with which o'er many a land
was spread the fame of thy disast'rous love;
to me resign the vocal shell

and teach my sorrows to relate
their melancholy tale so well
as may e'en things inanimate,
rough mountain oaks and desert rocks to pity move.

What were, alas! thy woes compared to mine?
to thee thy mistress in the blissful band
of Hymen never gave her hand;
the joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domestic care
she never bore a share,
nor with endearing art
would heal thy wounded heart
of every secret grief that fester'd there:
nor did her fond affection on the bed
of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
whole nights on her unweary'd arm sustain,
and charm away the sense of pain;
nor did she crown your mutual flame
with pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
than when thy virgin charms
were yielded to my arms!
how can my soul endure the loss of thee?
How in the world, to me a desert grown,
abandon'd and alone
without my sweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely smile,
the dear reward of every virtuous toil,
what pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?
e'en the delightful sense of well earn'd praise [raise.
unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could

For my distracted mind
what succour can I find?

or whom for consolation shall I call?
Support me every friend,
your kind assistance lend,
to bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
my dear departed love! so much was thine
that none has any comfort to bestow.
My books, the best relief
in every other grief,
are now with your idea sadden'd all:
each fav'rite author we together read [dead.
my tortur'd mem'ry wounds, and speaks of Lucy

We were the happiest pair of human kind.
The rolling year it's varying course perform'd
and back return'd again,
another and another smiling came,
and saw our happiness unchang'd remain;
still in her golden chain
harmonious Concord did our wishes bind,
our studies, pleasures, tastes, the same.
O fatal, fatal stroke!
that all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
of rare felicity,
on which e'en wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
and every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd
with soothing hope for many a future day,
in one sad moment broke!—
Yet, O my soul! thy rising murmurs stay,
nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
or against his supreme decree
with impious grief complain.
That all thy full blown joys at once should fade,
was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
and in these low abodes of sin and pain
her pure exalted soul
unjustly for thy partial good detain?
No—rather strive thy grov'ling mind to raise
up to that unclouded blaze,
that heavenly radiance of eternal light,
in which enthron'd she now with pity sees
how frail, how insecure, how slight,
is every mortal bliss;
e'en love itself, if rising by degrees
beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
it does not to it's sov'reign good ascend.
Rise then, my soul! with hope elate,
and seek those regions of serene delight
whose peaceful path and ever open gate
no feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss;
there Death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
there yield up all his power e'er to divide you more.

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE,
with Hammond's "Elegies."

All that of love can be exprest
in these soft numbers see,
but, Lucy! would you know the rest?
it must be read in me.

TO THE SAME,
with a new watch.

With me while present may thy lovely eyes
be never turn'd upon this golden toy,
think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies,

and measure time by joy succeeding joy!
But when the cares that interrupt our bliss
to me not always will thy sight allow,
then oft with kind impatience look on this,
and every minute count—as I do now.

PROLOGUE TO THOMSON'S CORIOLANUS.

Spoken by Mr. Quin.

I come not here your candour to implore
for scenes whose author is, alas! no more;
he wants no advocate his cause to plead;
you will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
No party his benevolence confin'd,
no sect—alike it flow'd to all mankind.
He lov'd his friends, (forgive this gushing tear;
Alas! I feel I am no actor here)
he lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
so clear of int'rest, so devoid of art,
such gen'rous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
no words can speak it, but our tears may tell.—
O candid truth! O faith without a stain!
O manners gently firm and nobly plain!
O sympathizing love of other's bliss!
where will you find another breast like his?
Such was the Man—the Poet well you know,
oft has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe,
oft in this crowded house, with just applause,
you heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws;
for his chaste Muse employ'd her heaven-taught lyre
none but the noblest passions to inspire;
not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
one line which, dying, he could wish to blot.
Oh! may to-night your favourable doom

another laurel add to grace his tomb,
whilst he superior now to praise or blame,
hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
Yet, if to those whom most on earth he lov'd,
from whom his pious care is now remov'd,
with whom his lib'ral hand and bounteous heart
shar'd all his little fortune could impart,
if to those friends your kind regard shall give
what they no longer can from his receive,
that, that, e'en now, beyond yon starry pole
may touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

SONG.

When Delia on the plain appears,
aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach but dare not move;
tell me, my heart! if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
no other voice but her's can hear,
no other wit but her's approve:
tell me, my heart! if this be love?

If she some other youth commend,
tho' I were once his fondest friend,
his instant enemy I prove:
tell me, my heart! if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more
delight in all that pleas'd before,
the clearest spring or shadiest grove:
tell me, my heart! if this be love?

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove:
tell me, my heart! if this be love?

SONG.

Say, Myra! why is gentle love
a stranger to that mind
which pity and esteem can move,
which can be just and kind?

Is it because you fear to share
the ills which love molest
the jealous doubt, the tender care,
which rack the am'rous breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe
we every bliss must gain:
the heart can ne'er a transport know
which never feels a pain.

TO THE REV. DR. AYSCOUGH,

AT OXFORD.

Written from Paris in the year 1728.

Say, dearest friend! how roll thy hours away,
what pleasing study cheats the tedious day?
Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore
of wise antiquity's immortal lore,
where virtue by the charms of wit refin'd
at once exalts and polishes the mind?
How diff'rent from our modern guilty art,
which pleases only to corrupt the heart,
whose curst refinements odious vice adorn,
and teach to honour what we ought to scorn!
Dost thou, in sage historians, joy to see
how Roman greatness rose with liberty,
how the same hands which tyrants durst control

their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the pole,
till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd
the proud luxurious masters of mankind?
Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
each grace, each virtue, Freedom could inspire,
yet in her troubled state see all the woes
and all the crimes which giddy Faction knows,
till rent by parties, by corruption sold,
or weakly careless or too rashly bold,
she sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
the slave and tut'ress of protecting Rome?
Does calm Philosophy her aid impart
to guide the passions and to mend the heart?
taught by her precepts, hast thou learn'd the end
to which alone the wise their studies bend,
for which alone by nature were design'd
the powers of thought—to benefit mankind?
Not like a cloister'd drone to read and dose
in undeserving undeserv'd repose,
but Reason's influence to diffuse, to clear
th' enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear,
dispel the mists of error and unbind
those pedant chains which clog the freeborn mind.
Happy who thus his leisure can employ!
he knows the purest hours of tranquil joy;
nor vex'd with pangs which busier bosoms tear,
nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care,
safe in the port, yet lab'ring to sustain
those who still float on the tempestuous main.
So Locke the days of studious quiet spent,
so Boyle in wisdom found divine content,
so Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
the virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.
Good Wor'ster* thus supports his drooping age,

* Bishop Hough.

far from court-flatt'ry, far from party-rage;
he who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,
firm and intrepid on his country's side,
her boldest champion then and now her mildest
O gen'rous warmth! O sanctity divine! [guide!
to emulate his worth, my friend! be thine:
learn from his life the duties of the gown,
learn not to flatter nor insult the crown,
nor, basely servile, court the guilty great,
nor raise the church a rival to the state:
to error mild, to vice alone severe,
seek not to spread the law of love by fear:
the priest who plagues the world can never mend;
no foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
Let reason and let virtue faith maintain,
all force but their's is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,
cares which become my birth and suit my age,
in various knowledge to improve my youth,
and conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth,
by foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
enlarge my notions and my views extend,
the useful science of the world to know,
which books can never teach or pedants show.

A nation here I pity and admire,
whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
yet taught by custom's force and bigot fear
to serve with pride and boast the yoke they bear:
whose nobles born to cringe and to command,
in courts a mean, in camps, a gen'rous, band,
from each low tool of power content receive
those laws their dreaded arms to Europe give;
whose people vain in want, in bondage blest,
tho' plunder'd gay, industrious tho' oppress;

with happy follies rise above their fate,
the jest and envy of each wiser state.
Yet here the Muses deign'd awhile to sport
in the short sunshine of a fav'ring court:
here Boileau, strong in sense and sharp in wit,
who from the ancients like the ancients writ,
permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
by flatt'ring incense to his master's fame;
here Molere, first of Comic wits, excell'd
whate'er Athenian theatres beheld,
by keen yet decent satire skill'd to please,
with morals mirth uniting, strength with ease:
now charm'd I hear the bold Corneille inspire
heroic thoughts with Shakespeare's force and fire;
now sweet Racine with milder influence move
the soften'd heart to pity and to love.
With mingled pain and pleasure I survey
the pompous works of arbitrary sway,
proud palaces which drain'd the subject's store
rais'd on the ruins of the oppress'd and poor,
where e'en mute walls are taught to flatter state,
and painted triumphs style Ambition Great.*
With more delight those pleasing shades I view
where Condé from an envious court withdrew,†
where sick of glory, faction, power, and pride,
(sure judge how empty all who all had try'd!)
beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
and life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.
With shame that other fam'd retreat I see,
adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury,‡
where Orleans wasted every vacant hour,

* The victories of L. xiv, painted in the galleries of Versailles.
† Chantilly.
‡ St. Cloud.

in the wild riot of unbounded power,
where feverish debauch and impious love
stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.
With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,
pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land;
yet oft a tender wish recalls my mind
from present joys to dearer left behind.
O native Isle! fair Freedom's happiest seat!
at thought of thee my bounding pulses beat,
at thought of thee my heart impatient burns,
and all my country on my soul returns;
when shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain
no power can ravish from th' industrious swain?
when kiss, with pious love, the sacred earth
which gave a Burleigh or a Russel birth?
when in the shade of laws which long have stood,
propt by their care or strengthen'd by their blood,
of fearless independence wisely vain,
the proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain?
Yet oh! what doubt, what sad presaging voice,
whispers within, and bids me not rejoice,
bids me contemplate every state around
from sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound,
bids their lost rights their ruin'd glories see,
and tells me these, like England, once were free!

TO MR. POYNTZ,

AMBASSADOR AT THE CONGRESS OF SOISSONS, 1728.

Written at Paris.

O thou! whose friendship is my joy and pride,
whose virtues warm me and whose precepts guide;
thou! to whom greatness, rightly understood,

is but a larger power of being good;
say, Poyntz! amidst the toil of anxious state,
does not thy secret soul desire retreat?
Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)
thy busy life at length might be thy own,
that to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd
no care might ruffle thy unbended mind?
Just is the wish, for sure the happiest meed
to favour man by smiling heaven decreed
is to reflect at ease on glorious pains,
and calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not him I praise who, from the world retir'd,
by no enliv'ning generous passion fir'd,
on flowery couches slumbers life away,
and gently bids his active powers decay,
who fears bright Glory's awful face to see,
and shuns renown as much as infamy;
but blest is he who exercis'd in cares
to private leisure public virtue bears,
who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
and decks repose with trophies Labour won.
Him Honour follows to the secret shade,
and crowns propitious his declining head;
in his retreats their harps the Muses string,
for him, in lays unbought, spontaneous sing;
Friendship and Truth on all his moments wait,
pleas'd with retirement better than with state;
and round the bower where humbly great he lies
fair olives bloom or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand
the needful aid of thy sustaining hand,
when Peace restor'd shall on her downy wing
secure repose and careless leisure bring,
then to the shades of learned ease retir'd,

the world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
among thy books and friends thou shalt possess
contemplative and quiet happiness,
pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,
and painful merit paid with sweet content.
Yet tho' thy hours, unclogg'd with sorrow, roll,
tho' Wisdom calm and Science feed thy soul,
one dearer bliss remains to be possest
which only can improve and crown the rest.—
Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,
which thy own heart perhaps would better tell:
the point to which our sweetest passions move
is to be truly lov'd and fondly love.
This is the charm which smooths the troubled breast,
friend of our health and author of our rest,
bids every gloomy vexing passion fly,
and tunes each jarring string to harmony.
E'en while I write the name of Love inspires
more pleasing thoughts and more enliv'ning fires,
beneath his power my raptur'd fancy glows,
and every tender verse more sweetly flows.
Dull is the privilege of living free;
our hearts were never form'd for liberty:
some beauteous image well imprinted there
can best defend them from consuming care.
In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
and nature in her rural works admire;
tho' grateful these yet these but faintly charm;
they may delight us but can never warm.
May some fair eyes, my friend! thy bosom fire
with pleasing pangs of ever-gay desire,
and teach thee that soft science, which alone
still to thy searching mind rests slightly known.
Thy soul, tho' great, is tender and refin'd,

to friendship sensible, to love inclin'd,
and therefore long thou canst not arm thy breast
against the entrance of so sweet a guest.
Hear what th' inspiring Muses bid me tell,
for heaven shall ratify what they reveal.
'A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,
with all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd,
whose wit and virtue shall thy own express,
distinguish'd only by their softer dress:
thy greatness she or thy retreat shall share,
sweeten tranquillity or soften care;
her smiles the taste of every joy shall raise,
and add new pleasures to renown and praise,
till, charm'd, you own the truth my verse would prove,
that happiness is near ally'd to love.'

TO LORD HERVEY,

In the year 1730. From Worcestershire.

"Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
quadrigis petimus bene vivere: quod petis, hic est;
est ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus."—*Hor.*

Fav'rite of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
Pollio! by nature form'd in courts to shine,
wilt thou once more a kind attention lend
to thy long absent and forgotten friend,
who after seas and mountains wander'd o'er
return'd, at length to his own native shore,
from all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
beneath the shades of his paternal seat
has found that happiness he sought in vain

on the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine?
'T is not to view the well proportion'd pile,
the charms of Titian's and of Raphael's style,
at soft Italian sounds to melt away,
or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray,
which lulls the tumults of the soul to rest,
or makes the fond possessor truly blest:
in our own breasts the source of pleasure lies
still open and still flowing to the wise,
not forc'd by toilsome art and wild desire
beyond the bounds of nature to aspire,
but in it's proper channels gliding fair
a common benefit which all may share:
yet half mankind this easy good disdain,
nor relish happiness unbought by pain;
false is their taste of bliss, and thence their search is vain.
So idle yet so restless are our minds,
we climb the Alps and brave the raging winds;
through various toils to seek content we roam,
which with but thinking right were our's at home:
for not the ceaseless change of shifted place
can from the heart a settled grief erase,
nor can the purer balm of foreign air
heal the distemper'd mind of aching care.
The wretch by wild impatience driven to rove,
vex'd with the pangs of ill-requited love,
from pole to pole the fatal arrow bears,
whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears,
with equal pain each different clime he tries,
and is himself that torment which he flies.
For how should ills which from our passions flow
be chang'd to Afric's heat, or Russia's snow?
or how can aught but powerful reason cure
what from unthinking folly we endure?

Happy is he, and he alone, who knows
his heart's uneasy discord to compose,
in generous love of other's good to find
the sweetest pleasures of the social mind;
to bound his wishes in their proper sphere,
to nourish pleasing hope and conquer anxious fear:
this was the wisdom ancient sages taught,
this was the sov'reign good they justly sought,
this to no place or climate is confin'd,
but the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my Lord, that courts to you deny
the useful practice of philosophy:
Horace the wisest of the tuneful choir,
not always chose from greatness to retire,
but in the palace of Augustus knew
the same unerring maxims to pursue
which in the Sabine or the Velian shade
his study and his happiness he made.

May you my friend! by his example taught,
view all the giddy scene with sober thought,
undazzled every glitt'ring folly see,
and in the midst of slavish forms be free;
in it's own centre keep your steady mind,
let prudence guide you, but let honour bind:
in show, in manners, act the courtier's part,
but be a country gentleman at heart.

TO MR. GLOVER,

ON HIS POEM OF LEONIDAS.

Written in the Year 1734.

Go on, my friend! the noble task pursue,
and think thy genius is thy country's due:
to vulgar wits inferior themes belong,
but liberty and virtue claim thy song.
Yet cease to hope, tho' grac'd with every charm,
the patriot verse will cold Britannia warm;
vainly thou striv'st our languid hearts to raise
by great examples drawn from better days:
no longer we to Sparta's fame aspire,
what Sparta scorn'd instructed to admire,
nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end,
no gen'rous purpose can enlarge the mind,
no social care, no labour for mankind,
where mean self-int'rest every action guides,
in camps commands, in cabinets presides,
where Luxury consumes the guilty store
and bids the villain be a slave for more.

Hence, wretched nation! all thy woes arise,
avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,
eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
servants which rule, and senates which obey.

O people, far unlike the Grecian race,
that deems a virtuous poverty disgrace,
that suffers public wrongs and public shame,
in council insolent, in action tame!
Say, what is now th' ambition of the great?
Is it to raise their country's sinking state,
a load of debt to ease by frugal care,

her trade to guard, her harrass'd poor to spare?
Is it like honest Somers to inspire
the love of laws and Freedom's sacred fire?
Is it like wise Godolphin to sustain
the balanc'd world, and boundless power restrain?
Or is the mighty aim of all their toil
only to aid the wreck and share the spoil?
on each relation, friend, dependant, pour,
with partial wantonness, the golden shower,
and fenc'd by strong corruption to despise
an injur'd nation's unavailing cries?
Rouse, Britons! rouse: if sense of shame be weak,
let the loud voice of threat'ning danger speak.
Lo! France, as Persia, once o'er every land
prepares to stretch her all-oppressing hand.
Shall England sit regardless and sedate,
a calm spectatress of the general fate,
or call forth all her virtue, and oppose,
like valiant Greece, her own and Europe's foes?
O let us seize the moment in our power;
our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour:
no later term the angry gods ordain;
this crisis lost we shall be wise in vain.

And thou, great poet! in whose nervous lines
the native majesty of Freedom shines,
accept this friendly praise, and let me prove
my heart not wholly void of public love;
tho' not like thee I strike the sounding string
to notes which Sparta might have deign'd to sing,
but idly sporting in the secret shade
with tender trifles sooth some artless maid.

VERSES.

to be written under a picture of Mr. Poyntz.

Such is thy form, O Poyntz! but who shall find
a hand or colours to express thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
in a false world which dares to be sincere;
wise without art, without ambition great,
tho' firm yet pliant, active tho' sedate:
with all the richest stores of learning fraught,
yet better still by native prudence taught:
which fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal,
can pity frailties it could never feel;
which when misfortune su'd ne'er sought to know
what sect, what party, whether friend or foe:
which fix'd on equal virtue's temperate laws,
despises calumny and shuns applause;
which to it's own perfections singly blind
would for another think this praise design'd.

ON READING MISS CARTER'S POEMS IN MANUSCRIPT.

Such were the notes which struck the wond'ring ear
of silent Night when on the verdant banks
of Siloe's hallow'd brook celestial harps
according to seraphic voices sung,
"Glory to God on high, and on the earth
peace and good will to men!"—Resume the lyre,
chantress divine! and every Briton call
it's melody to hear—so shall thy strains,
more powerful than the song of Orpheus, tame
the savage heart of brutal Vice, and bend

at pure Religion's shrine the stubborn knees
of bold Impiety.—Greece shall no more
of Lesbian Sappho boast, whose wanton Muse
like a false Syren, while she charm'd, seduc'd
to guilt and ruin. For the sacred head
of Britain's poetess the Virtues twine
a nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
of ——— to fix it on her brows.

PARTS OF AN ELEGY OF TIBULLUS.

Translated 1729,-30.

Devitias alius fulvo sibi congerat auro.

Let others heap of wealth a shining store,
and, much possessing, labour still for more;
let them disquieted with dire alarms
aspire to win a dang'rous fame in arms;
me tranquil poverty shall lull to rest,
humbly secure and indolently blest;
warm'd by the blaze of my own cheerful hearth
I'll waste the wintry hours in social mirth;
in summer pleas'd attend to harvest toils,
in autumn press the vineyard's purple spoils,
and oft to Delia in my bosom bear
some kid or lamb which wants it's mother's care:
with her I'll celebrate each gladsome day
when swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay;
with her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
and deck, with ripen'd fruits, Pomona's bower.
At night how soothing would it be to hear,
safe in her arms, the tempest howling near;
or, while the wintry clouds their deluge pour,
slumber assisted by the beating shower!

Ah! how much happier than the fool who braves,
in search of wealth, the black tempestuous waves!
while I, contented with my little store,
in tedious voyage seek no distant shore,
but idly lolling on some shady seat,
near cooling fountains, shun the Dogstar's heat:
for what reward so rich could Fortune give
that I by absence should my Delia grieve?
Let great Messala shine in martial toils,
and grace his palace with triumphal spoils,
me Beauty holds in strong tho' gentle chains,
far from tumultuous war and dusty plains.
With thee, my love! to pass my tranquil days
how would I slight Ambition's painful praise!
How would I joy with thee, my love! to yoke
the ox, and feed my solitary flock!
On thy soft breast might I but lean my head,
how downy should I think the woodland bed!

The wretch who sleeps not by his fair one's side,
detests the gilded couch's useless pride,
nor knows his weary weeping eyes to close,
tho' murm'ring rills invite him to repose.
Hard were his heart who thee, my fair! could leave
for all the honours prosp'rous war can give,
tho' through the vanquish'd east he spread his fame,
and Parthian tyrants tremble at his name,
tho' bright in arms, while hosts around him bleed,
with martial pride he prest his foaming steed.
No pomps like these my humble vows require;
with thee I'll live and in thy arms expire.
Thee may my closing eyes in death behold!
thee may my fault'ring hand yet strive to hold!
Then, Delia! then thy heart will melt in woe,
then o'er my breathless clay thy tears will flow,

thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
nor dost thou think it weakness to be kind:
but ah! fair mourner! I conjure thee, spare
thy heaving breasts and loose dishevell'd hair;
wound not thy form, lest on th' Elysian coast
thy anguish should disturb my peaceful ghost.
But now nor death nor parting should employ
our sprightly thoughts or damp our bridal joy:
we'll live, my Delia! and from life remove
all care, all bus'ness, but delightful love.
Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve
which youth alone can taste, alone can give:
then let us snatch the moment to be blest;
this hour is Love's—be Fortune's all the rest.

CATO'S SPEECH TO LABIENUS.

In the ninth book of Lucan.

Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes, &c.

What, Labienus! would thy fond desire
of horned Jove's prophetic shrine enquire,
whether to seek in arms a glorious doom
or basely live and see a king in Rome?
If life be nothing more than death's delay,
if impious Force can honest minds dismay,
or Probity may Fortune's frown disdain,
if well to mean is all that Virtue can,
and right, dependent on itself alone,
gains no addition from success—'t is known:
fix'd in my heart these constant truths I bear,
and Ammon cannot write them deeper there.
Our souls, ally'd to God, within them feel
the secret dictates of th' Almighty will;
this is his voice, be this our oracle.

When first his breath the seeds of life instill'd,
all that we ought to know was then reveal'd.
Nor can we think the omnipresent Mind
has truth to Lybia's desert sands confin'd,
there known to few, obscur'd and lost to lie.—
Is there a temple of the Deity
except earth, sea, and air, yon azure pole,
and chief his holiest shrine the virtuous soul?
Where'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,
this wide, this boundless universe, is Jove.
Let abject minds which doubt because they fear
with pious awe to juggling priests repair;
I credit not what lying prophets tell—
Death is the only certain oracle.
Cowards and brave must die one destin'd hour—
this Jove has told, he needs not tell us more.

ODE, IN IMITATION OF PASTOR FIDO.

O primavera gioventu del anno.

Written abroad in 1729.

Parent of blooming flowers and gay desires,
youth of the tender year, delightful Spring!
at whose approach, inspir'd with equal fires,
the am'rous nightingale and poet sing;

again dost thou return, but not with thee
return the smiling hours I once possest;
blessings thou bringst to others, but to me
the sad remembrance that I once was blest.

Thy faded charms which Winter snatch'd away,
renew'd in all their former lustre shine,
but ah! no more shall hapless I be gay,
or know the vernal joys which have been mine.

Tho' linnets sing, tho' flowers adorn the green,
tho' on their wings soft Zephyrs fragrance bear,
harsh is the music, joyless is the scene,
the odour faint, for Delia is not there.

Cheerless and cold I feel the genial sun,
from thee, while absent, I in exile rove;
thy lovely presence, fairest light! alone
can warm my heart to gladness and to love.

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